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FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,737

WASHINGTON, D.C. — SEPTEMBER 1, 1986

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THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 195, Number 9, Issue 3,737, September 1, 1986. (Printed on August 13, 1986.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 6 & 13, July 14 & 21, Aug. 11 & 18, and Sept. 15 & 22, 1986) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Leadership Network advertising (212) 684-5500. Yearly subscriptions, $56; foreign, $81; Canada, $70. Back issues, $2.50 (includes postage & handling).

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(ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106 and Bell & Howell, Old Mansfield Road, Wooster, OH 44691. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Subscribers:** Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to **Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 56515, Boulder, CO 80322.** For subscription problems call **800-525-0643.**

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FROM WASHINGTON

WHAT THE HELGA??

Would-be news managers in Washington should sit at the feet of Mrs. Betsy Wyeth and my friend Jeffrey Schaire, editor of *Art & Antiques* magazine, the two impresarios of the story of Andrew Wyeth's secret paintings. Rarely have so few caused so many to make so much fuss about so little. The lesson is that while it may be hard to con the media for very long, it's not so hard to trap them in a shared conspiracy of hype. Call it journalistic stone soup: a delicious news event concocted from nothing.

The story, as originally presented, had three elements. First, a secret cache of paintings and drawings by a leading painter, hidden even from his wife, and revealed only when he thought he was dying. Second, the subject of the pictures: a mystery woman named "Helga" whose identity is also a deep secret. Third, the question of Wyeth's relationship with the mystery woman. Every initial news story quoted Mrs. Wyeth's dramatic one-word explanation of her husband's motive in this project: "Love."

Even taken at face value, it's hard to see that this is a major news story, if you accept the premise that news is something not already known and in some way surprising. A large addition to the Wyeth oeuvre may be important to the art world. But front pages across the country? Features on the evening TV news? The covers of both *Time* and *Newsweek*? Come on. It is not unusual for a living artist, especially a wealthy one, to have stacks of paintings he hasn't put on the market. Wyeth was well-known, among people who cared before last week, for producing a lot but selling very little. Nor is it especially amazing for an artist to protect the identity of someone who modeled for him nude. As for the sex angle, well, "Artist Sleeps with Model" is surely a "Dog Bites Man" story if ever there was one.

But it's August, after all. The first wave of publicity is understandable. The real journalistic comedy began after the initial "revelation." Over the next week, you could watch the story building and unraveling at the same time. This process culminated with the two newsmagazine cover articles, which heralded Wyeth's "Stunning Secret" (*Time*) and "Secret Obsession" (*Newsweek*, the winner), even as they reported information that undermined the whole premise.

How secret were these pictures of Helga? Not very. One of them was reproduced a year ago in *Art & Antiques*, the magazine that now celebrates their existence as a scoop. Several others have been on display for years in the museum at Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, Wyeth's hometown. Another was reproduced on a French poster several years ago, and yet another was published in an art magazine in 1979. Mrs. Wyeth, who is her husband's business manager (and a helluva good one), has actually sold three of the Helga portraits over the years.

It turns out that it was Mrs. Wyeth who gave the provocative name, "Lovers," to the painting that has stirred the most interest ("a striking blond nude . . . glancing across the room toward an unseen object or person, in apparent expectation," according to an excitable *New York Times* reporter). Far from hiding this picture from his wife, Andrew Wyeth gave it to her four years ago. Regarding the size of the cache, *Art & Antiques* itself quoted Wyeth a year ago saying, "There's a whole vast amount of my work no one knows about it." Even the multimillion-dollar sale of these paintings was reported in full, without fanfare, in the local *Delaware County Daily Times* last April. The Wyeths now deny that the announcement and sale had anything to do with thoughts of dying.

And the mystery woman? A hilarious second-day story in the *Times* portrayed a Twilight Zone atmosphere in Chadds Ford, with all the locals intent—"fiercely," of course—on protecting the town's dark secret from the inquiring outsider. "Down the street at the Sunoco station . . . the reply was terse: 'No, I'm sorry, I can't help you.'" Art-world promoter Thomas Hoving piped up in this dispatch to say that Helga had "gone back to Germany." (Hoving was playing catch-up ball. His own magazine, *Connoisseur*, reports the Wyeth cache in its current issue, just like *Art & Antiques*, but no one is paying any attention.)

Unfortunately, the mystery quickly dissolved. Within a day, more voluble, or possibly better informed, sources than the Sunoco station attendant identified the model as one Helga Testorf. She has not fled to Germany. According to *Time*, she "lives with her husband in a secluded home across town from the Wyeths." That adjective "secluded" is a desperate touch, since it develops that Mrs. Testorf has worked all along as a cook and cleaning lady for Andrew Wyeth's sister, Carolyn. Betsy Wyeth insisted to *Time* that she never saw Helga because she "never visits her sister-in-law." It's possible, of course. On the other hand, TNR contributing artist Vint Lawrence recalls attending a dinner in Wyeth's honor some years ago at the Chadds Ford museum, where several Helga paintings were on display and Helga herself was in attendance.

Which brings us to "love." After six days of publicity, Mrs. Wyeth granted a telephone interview to the *Times* (published under the wonderful headline "Betsy Wyeth Talks of Helga, Art and the Meaning of 'Love'"), in which she explained that the love in question was "the love for hills, the love for breathing, the love for storms and snows." The obviously disappointed reporter got her to "acknowledg[e] the possibility of sexual feelings in the model-artist relationship," adding with hopeful caution that she "said she believed such feelings were never consummated."

Meanwhile, though, Andrew Wyeth told another local paper that he has a deep love for anything he paints, whether it be "a tree, a model, a house or a hill," and, "No, that doesn't mean sexual, of course." Oh, well. Artist Doesn't Sleep with Model. Man Bites Dog?

But by now, for the press, there was no turning back. *Time*, thrashing wildly and sinking fast, decided on a strategic sacrifice of the "love" angle in order to build up the "fiercely protective neighbors" motif. One neighbor is quoted as saying, "This whole thing could be a ploy." That's "fiercely protective"? Sure. Explains *Time*: "So protective are they [the neighbors] of any charge of infidelity that they are willing to entertain . . . the possibility of a Wyeth scam."

Possibility, did you say?

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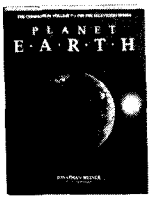

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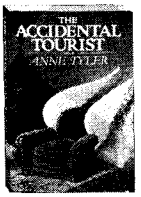

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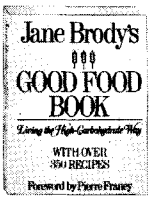

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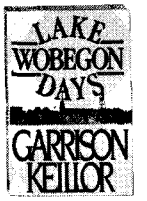

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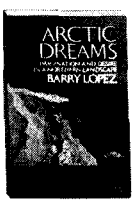

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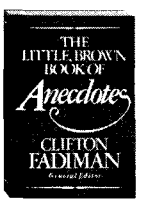

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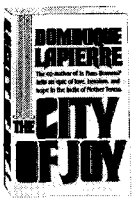

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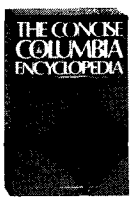

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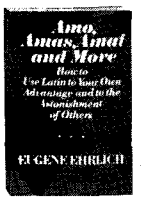

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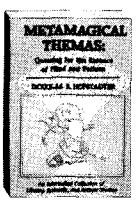

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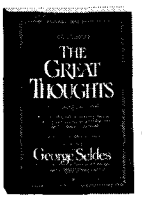

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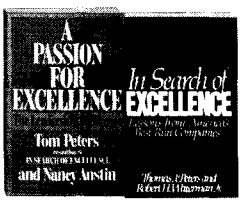

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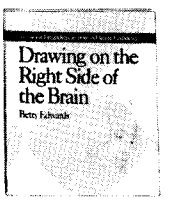

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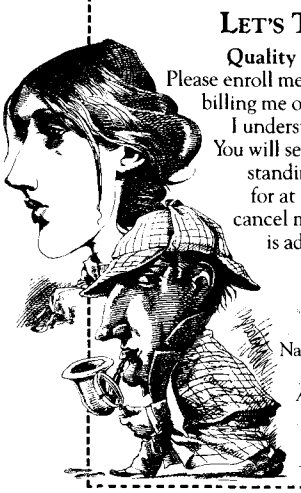

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HOW ARGENTINA MADE IT

To the editors:

TNR has once more misunderstood and misstated my views ("Notebook," August 4). I do not believe that Reagan administration policies were responsible for the return of democracy in Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil. I think it is perfectly clear that these countries found their own way back to their own constitutional traditions. The major U.S. contribution was not to intervene in the process.

I think it is just as clear that democratic institutions have been established in Bolivia, El Salvador, Honduras, and Guatemala principally through the long and arduous efforts of indigenous democratic leaders. U.S. policies have helped the process of democratization in each of these countries, though it is impossible to be certain how important our help has been. I believe also that Carter's policies played a significant negative role only in Nicaragua and Iran. But it is assuredly not true that the Reagan administration's policies in support of democracy were the same that failed to produce positive results for the Carter administration.

Finally, and most important, it is simply not true that I had any sort of personal or political relationship with Argentine generals. I met once with General Viola when he visited the United Nations (as I met with many visiting foreign ministers and heads of state), and I met once with General Galtieri in the course of a six nation tour of South America.

I have never praised any Argentine military government. To the contrary, on the two visits I have made to Argentina (one for USIA in the Carter years and one as U.N. Ambassador as part of a six nation tour) I made clear in public and private that I looked forward to the day when Argentina would return to its own tradition of constitutional democracy.

I have never supported the Argentine occupation of the Falklands. It always seemed to me both reprehensible and stupid. I supported U.S. efforts at mediation and the U.N. Secretary General's efforts at mediation and when they failed, I advocated that we remain neutral in the conflict.

It is a fact that I wrote a book on Argentina, specifically, on the Peronist movement in the period after Peron's fall. But an interest in Argentina is not tantamount to praising or supporting any Argentine dictator past or present, right or left. It is also a fact that I believe there are significant differences between authoritarian and totalitarian dictatorships and that one of the most important of these is the lesser susceptibility of totalitarian governments to liberalization and democratization.

I noted in "Dictatorships and Double-standards" written in June 1979 that the chances for democratization of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile were much better than were the chance for democracy in Cuba. Now Argentina and Brazil have made it, and I think it is clear to all today that the chances of liberalization and democratization are better in Chile than Cuba.

Does anyone doubt it?

JEANE J. KIRKPATRICK
Washington, D.C.

BACK TO WORK

To the editors:

Mickey Kaus's "The Work Ethic State" (July 7) is by far the most thoughtful, constructive, and fair of any of the recent articles on this subject. I am especially pleased with his conclusion that ultimately "only work works," which a number of us liberals came to as well, even before the War on Poverty.

I am sorry, however, that Mr. Kaus chose to revive the now generally discredited notion of a culture of poverty, for if it actually existed, all poor people should now be in the underclass. In fact, the underclass has virtually nothing to do with culture. It consists mainly of an unknown number of people suffering from the pathologies associated with poverty, e.g. alcoholism and mental illness, and an ever larger number for whom there is no place in the economy. Conservatives like to hide this fact by publicizing instead their unwillingness to accept the usually poor education they are offered, and their readiness to have babies they cannot support.

HERBERT J. GANS
Robert S. Lynd Professor of Sociology
Columbia University
New York, New York

To the editors:

Like many others, Kaus too easily dismisses past and present welfare programs. My guess is that if you went into the communities in my district you would find a number of middle-income families who had previously been on welfare for substantial periods of time.

He's also too glib about the mind-set of the underclass. Some are addicted to non-work, others will not touch work. But there is a substantial body of evidence to challenge his thesis that the lower class depends on welfare and won't work unless forced. The Youth Entitlement Demonstrations found that when minimum wage jobs were offered to inner-city teens, they took them. The lines of unemployed that show up to shovel snow also speak volumes about the vitality of the work ethic in our inner cities.

Kaus is far too glib in dismissing the value of training. The one anti-poverty program he acknowledges as successful—the Job Corps—is a training program. Job Corps takes the most disadvantaged youngsters—87 percent high school dropouts, half with less than a sixth-grade reading level—trains them, and places over 90 percent in jobs. The Westat study of CETA participants found that classroom and on-the-job training produced greater post-program earnings than did public service employment.

He too easily embraces public service employment as the answer to the problems of the current welfare system. In an era of $200 billion deficits cost must be considered. Approximately five million households currently receiving welfare or food stamps would qualify for Kaus jobs. That's five million jobs at $10,000 per job, or $50 billion. Minus the $22 billion now being spent on public assistance and food stamps. This additional $28 billion outlay might be worth it if we thought these public jobs would really foster self-sufficiency. Kaus asserts that "movement into the private sector would take care of itself." But only a third of the workers who held PSE jobs during the CETA era found employment in the regular labor market.

Kaus is right when he says that work works. What's needed to achieve that goal is a welfare reform initiative that combines the successful features of a

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SEPTEMBER 1, 1986

THE COMPETITION GAP

Japanese investors have quietly begun to buy up American high-tech firms. According to the *Wall Street Journal*, the Japanese are doing it with the express intention of getting control over the most promising new technologies in microelectronics and biotechnology. Such a bid is the logical next step in Japanese economic strategy. Two years ago Toyota joined General Motors to build cars in California. Americans workers will assemble the cars, but Japanese managers will control the technology and gain the expertise to make even better cars in the future. The Japanese are building their foundation for economic growth, and the Americans are growing ever more dependent on them.

The cash for these new ventures comes from Japan's huge trade surplus, which itself was earned by exporting to the United States. "The money has to go somewhere," Eigo Kudo of Sumitomo Bank told the *Journal*. Japanese companies are no longer willing to settle for U.S. Treasury bonds. "They want to pursue the frontiers of business," Kudo said. Just for good measure, Sumitomo Bank has bought a 12.5 percent stake in Goldman, Sachs, the Wall Street investment firm.

As Japan moves purposefully forward, the United States is dawdling. At last check, administration officials were hectoring the West Germans and Japanese to expand their economies, presumably so we can sell them more wheat and lumber. After five and a half years of Reagan economic policy, it's painfully clear that the president's claims of an American economic renewal are overblown. He has presided over the creation of 9.7 million new jobs, but this is 300,000 fewer than were created during only four years of Jimmy Carter. The rosy numbers also mask the fact that the United States has been exporting manufacturing jobs and replacing them with service jobs. Recent economic forecasts suggest that even this unbalanced boom is petering out. The trade deficit is particularly alarming. Despite the dollar's steady decline, it's expected to hit $170 billion this year. America isn't back at all, at least not in the sense of restoring its long-term ability to compete. Reagan's "American Renaissance" is looking more and more like a final spending spree before a British-style imperial decline.

As the Japanese were pricing American firms, Washington was arguing over textile quotas. President Reagan's veto of a bill that would have cut imports of textiles from South Korea, Taiwan, and Hong Kong by up to 30 percent narrowly survived in the House, but 205 Democrats and 71 Republicans voted to override it. Reagan was right on this one. It should be obvious by now that protectionism is no answer to this country's economic problems. But because many representatives from both parties still insist on talking about "get-tough" trade policies, it's worth reviewing the reasons.

Trade barriers inevitably provoke retaliation from other countries, blocking foreign markets to American exports. At home, protectionism channels scarce resources into industries and products that aren't competitive. That reduces the economy's overall efficiency. Consumers pay higher prices to subsidize the protected industries. While a few benefit, society as a whole pays. The cold mathematical logic of trade dictates that if Koreans and Bangladeshis enjoy a comparative advantage that lets them make cloth 50 percent cheaper than we can, it is in America's overall interest to shut down textile mills, throw their workers and managers out of work, and buy from the Koreans and Bangladeshis.

But the free trade ideal assumes that people and assets idled by foreign competition will be able to move on quickly to other more productive pursuits. Obviously this isn't happening. As the economy slows down, we are once again facing the prospect of losing jobs and wasting productive capacity. Economic decline means human suffering. The challenge of free trade is to create an economy that can adapt rapidly when our comparative advantages in world markets change. To do that, we need firms seeking the competitive edge and workers capable of helping them achieve it.

The Democrats' strategy used to be "industrial policy." Let some kind of Eminent Persons Group—"representatives of labor, management, and government"—choose where the country should put its investment capital. In some schemes, this meant bailing out "sunset" industries such as steel; in others, promoting "sunrise" industries

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such as microchips (which, in the United States, is already on its way to becoming a "sunset" industry itself). This bureaucratic nightmare—the first of the Democrats' vaunted post-1980 "new ideas"—has been abandoned by almost everyone except Felix Rohatyn.

The fallacy of industrial policy was its assumption that government can decide everything. The hypocrisy of Reagan administration policy has been to hail the unfettered free market while handing out government plums to meet the exigencies of the political moment. The administration tolerates huge farm programs, and business subsidies such as the Small Business Administration and the Export-Import Bank, while running up the biggest budget deficits in history. Reagan's 1981 tax law handed out billions to corporations and the rich but gave them all sorts of incentives to invest the money unproductively. The president has been more consistent in his opposition to protection, but not completely. Instead of outright quotas, he made a deal with Taiwan, South Korea, and Hong Kong to limit their textile exports to this country. This hands the exporting countries a windfall, just as "voluntary" auto quotas are a boon to Japanese car makers. They can charge U.S. consumers as much as higher-cost American producers who are kept in business by the import "restraints."

Democrats should come up with better alternatives, starting with a more sensible notion of how the government fosters economic competitiveness. President Reagan isn't simply being hypocritical when he calls for laissez-faire. He's also indulging in gross historical revision. Government has always been involved in the economy. It paid for major investments such as the public schools and the interstate highway system. No one in the private sector ever would have undertaken these projects. But everyone benefited from them because they enhanced society's overall efficiency. The Japanese and Europeans threaten our economic superiority today largely because of their topflight educational systems. The Gramm-Rudman approach to cutting the deficit treats all deficit spending as a drag on the economy. It makes no distinction between borrowing to spend on transfer programs and defense, which don't increase the country's ability to produce more wealth in the future, and borrowing to spend on infrastructure and education, which do help make society more productive. Democrats shouldn't be afraid to call for less spending on the former—and more spending on the latter.

Money that the country saves from cutting waste in the defense budget and middle-class transfer programs could be devoted to making American industry competitive again. Now the colossal budgets of projects like SDI and the MX draw many of America's best scientists and engineers into designing weapons that, however necessary they may be, don't help us build anything that people can use. At best, the technological advances trickle down to civilian industry. We can have both a competitive economy and a strong defense. But that means telling Japan to act like an ally, not a client. Protection and patchwork trade agreements postpone economic adjustments that we'll have to make sooner or later, and help Japan at our expense. Japan should be free to sell us as much as it can. But if it wants to be our biggest trading partner, it also must shoulder its share of the defense burden.

WHOSE OX IS GORED

I.

What standard should the Senate use in voting on the president's Supreme Court nominees? Is it enough to assure that justices are judicially competent? Or are senators entitled, even obligated, to consider a nominee's ideology?

Senators seeking guidance on this difficult question might refer to an article published in 1959 by the *Harvard Law Record*. The author, a young former Supreme Court clerk named William Rehnquist, complained that senators were insufficiently rigorous in questioning Supreme Court nominees. He asserted that the Senate had a duty "of thoroughly informing itself on the judicial philosophy of a Supreme Court nominee before voting to confirm him."

Rehnquist reviewed the confirmation hearings for President Eisenhower's most recent nominee, Charles Evans Whittaker, and found "a startling dearth of inquiry or even concern over the views of the new Justice on constitutional interpretation." He objected specifically that the Senate had failed to determine Whittaker's views on the 1954 case of *Brown v. Board of Education*. Even "the fact that he had been very highly regarded as a judge of the lower federal courts" was insufficient reason to confirm Whittaker, Rehnquist wrote. "Senators could still have no indication of what Mr. Justice Whittaker thought about the Supreme Court and segregation or about the Supreme Court and Communism."

Rehnquist noted with approval that three decades earlier "the Senate had made no bones about its concern with the judicial philosophy of a Supreme Court nominee," although he observed ironically that back then "it was a storm raised by the very groups who are claimed to be the special wards of the Warren Court." Rehnquist quoted favorably a newspaper editorial of 1930 about a contested nomination by President Hoover: "The Senate has every right . . . to ask the President to maintain on the Supreme Court bench a balance between liberal and conservative

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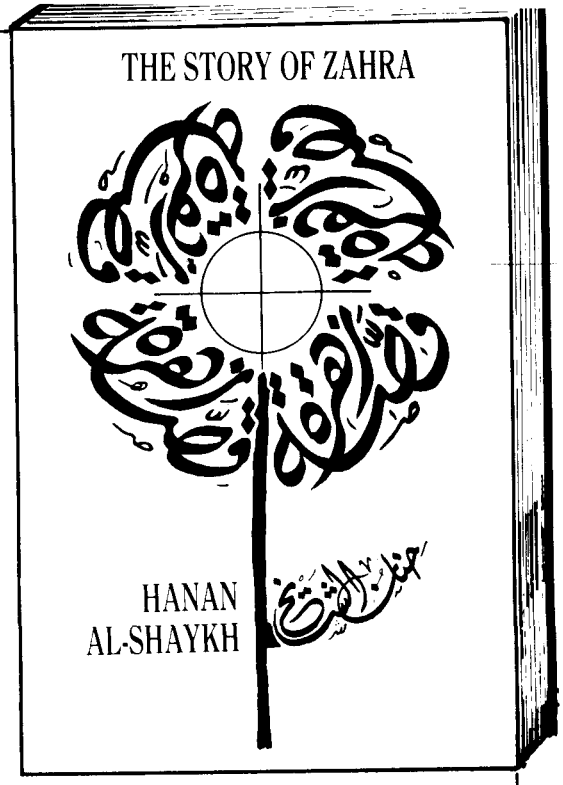

War in Lebanon: a young woman falls to a sniper's love, then to his bullet. *The Story of Zahra* scandalized the Arab world by telling how Muslim women *really* live behind the taboos and traditions. That this book was written in the Arab world is unusual—that a Shiite Muslim woman wrote it is quite extraordinary. The author, Hanan al-Shaykh, speaks with authority and sensitivity about sexuality, war and religion in the world's most divided society. "A haunting and chilling study of the fatal fascination of violence," says London's *Observer*. The *Sunday Times* called it "subversive truthfulness".

From Brazil, Antônio Torres' *The Land* brings us the harsh, lyrical world of the Backland region, whose peasants survive with grim humor, and whose children long for the phantom riches of São Paulo. This modern Brazilian classic on the conflict between the rural and the urban now comes into English for the first time.

Next to Africa and the satirical *Laugh-to-Cry*, as the great Congolese novelist Henri Lopez lampoons the supreme African dictator—Amin, Bokassa, Mobutu, all in one—who moves overnight from the barracks to the Presidential Palace. Funny but searing: Lopez' satire bites with anger and sadness at Africa's burden of butcher-clowns.

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opinion [and] to object that the presence of Judge Parker on the bench would increase, rather than lessen, the top heavily conservative bias of the Supreme Court as now constituted." Rehnquist wrote that this editorial "probably spoke for both sides" in the debate over Judge Parker. The clear implication was that it certainly spoke for William Rehnquist in a later day when the danger was of a top heavily liberal Supreme Court.

In voting on a nominee for a lower court, Rehnquist concluded, "The primary concern . . . should be his ability to apply rules laid down by more authoritative sources. . . . But in the case of the Supreme Court, . . . something more . . . comes into play. [N]ot . . . more ability. . . , but rather . . . additional factors. . . ." To illustrate these additional factors, Rehnquist returned to the example of the *Brown* case, which, in his summary, "held in effect that the framers of the Fourteenth Amendment left it to the Court to decide what 'due process' and 'equal protection' meant." He added sarcastically, "Whether or not the framers thought this, it is sufficient for this discussion that the present Court thinks the framers thought it." He went on:

> Given this state of things . . . , what could have been more important to the Senate than Mr. Justice Whittaker's views on equal protection and due process? . . . If greater judicial self-restraint is desired, or if a different interpretation of the phrases "due process of law" or "equal protection of the laws," then men sympathetic to such desires must sit upon the high court. The only way for the Senate to learn of these sympathies is to "inquire of men on their way to the Supreme Court something of their views on these questions."

In his own confirmation hearings, Justice Rehnquist has rigorously avoided stating his views on the *Brown* case, although he has claimed he always thought that *Plessy v. Ferguson*—the "separate-but-equal" decision that *Brown* overruled—was wrong. Rehnquist has insisted that a memo he wrote as a clerk to Justice Robert Jackson in 1952, defending the separate-but-equal doctrine—was a reflection of Jackson's views, not his own. This 1959 article leaves little doubt what William Rehnquist thought of *Brown*—five years after the decision, not just two years before. More important, it leaves no doubt at all about Rehnquist's view that senators are obligated to consider a nominee's ideology—and even the need for ideological balance on the Court—in voting to fill Supreme Court seats. Or has he changed his mind?

II.

The senator was about to start questioning the nominee for chief justice of the United States. "It is my contention," he intoned, "that the Supreme Court has assumed such a powerful role as a policymaker in the Government that the Senate must necessarily be concerned with the views of the prospective Justices or Chief Justices as they relate to broad issues confronting the American people, and the role of the Court in dealing with these issues. . . . The Senate, as representatives of the people, is entitled to consider these views, much as the voters do with regard to candidates for the Presidency, or indeed for a seat in the U.S. Senate."

Ted Kennedy on William Rehnquist? Nope, Strom Thurmond. The year was 1968 and the nominee was Associate Justice Abe Fortas, one of the most influential liberal voices on the Warren Court, nominated by President Lyndon Johnson to replace Chief Justice Earl Warren. Most people expected an easy confirmation.

BUT A DETERMINED coalition of conservative Republican and Southern Democratic senators set out to kill the nomination. One of the leaders was Thurmond, who is now chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee and the man in charge of pushing through President Reagan's nomination of Associate Justice William Rehnquist to replace Chief Justice Warren Burger. (Another was Sam Ervin, later a liberal hero of Watergate.)

Originally, opponents tried to make an issue out of Fortas's personal relationship with LBJ. But that was a smoke screen that dissipated when no senator could produce evidence that Fortas had consulted improperly with Johnson. So, as the Judiciary Committee hearings progressed, the attack on Fortas got more openly ideological. (The personal financial scandal that eventually led to Fortas's resignation from the Court didn't come until the next year.) Russell Long of Louisiana said he would vote against the nomination because of Fortas's record of supporting defendants' rights. Sam Ervin bluntly told Fortas that he would vote according to the decisions Fortas had made or endorsed while on the Warren Court.

But Thurmond was the most persistent attacker. He asked Fortas's opinion of several previous Supreme Court decisions. Fortas refused to answer on the grounds that he couldn't appear to be prejudging other cases that might come before the court. But Thurmond kept insisting. Sixty times he demanded that Fortas account for his decisions. Sixty times Fortas refused. Thurmond criticized the Warren Court's liberal positions on federalism, loyalty oaths, student protest, and freedom of expression.

Despite a lot of fireworks, Fortas's nomination passed the Judiciary Committee easily, by a vote of 11 to 6. But when the nomination reached the floor, conservatives filibustered, and as the debate stretched on, Dixiecrat and Republican votes started lining up against Fortas. Mississippi's John Stennis, a Democrat, said he opposed Fortas because he "has clearly shown his alignment with the liberal bloc and has often provided the fifth vote in the all-too-numerous 5-to-4 decisions by which the court has asserted its assumed role of rewriting the Constitution." Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen, who originally had been neutral on the nomination, decided to vote against shutting off the filibuster. Even though a majority of senators voted for cloture, which suggests that Fortas would have been confirmed, the anti-filibuster forces never got the 59 votes they needed to shut off debate. Seeing that the Fortas nomination was a lost cause, Johnson withdrew it in October. Early the next year, Richard Nixon nominated Warren Burger. □

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NOTEBOOK

□ EDITOR'S QUERY:

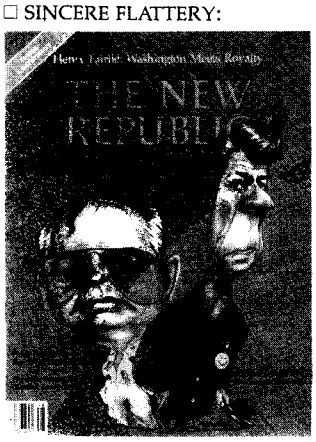
Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. **20 The Challenge of Change**
Change is scary; uncharted change, demoralizing. If the law of acceleration is not to spin the world out of control, society must cherish its lifelines into the past.

—Table of contents, the *New York Times Magazine*, July 27.

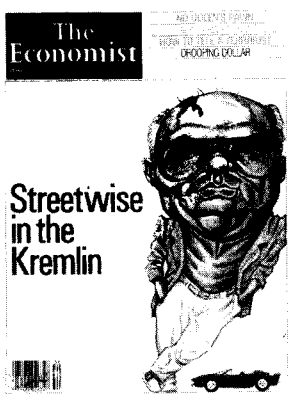
Will anyone who read this article please contact TNR and collect your prize? Employees of the *New York Times Magazine* are not eligible.

□ SLEAZEBALL WATCH: John E. (Buck) Chapoton was chief of tax policy at the Treasury Department until the fall of 1984. He helped write Treasury's original tax reform plan, which proposed closing an important loophole that allows banks to deduct bad debt losses before the losses occur. Treasury estimated the cost of this loophole at $8 billion over five years. It is a major reason the effective tax rate on banking is lower than on almost any other major industry. Last year, when the banks briefly managed to get the loophole reopened by the House Ways and Means Committee (a decision that was reversed after shouts of "We won! We won!" were heard echoing through "Gucci Gulch," the Capitol hallway where lobbyists gather), Chapoton was quoted in the *Washington Post* expressing disapproval. "I think tax reform is moving one step forward and two steps back," he said. "You try and do something and the first major business decision that comes up, they go the other way. That is really a bad omen." But now, reports Dale Russakoff in the *Post*, the banking industry has hired Chapoton (along with former Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker and former everything Elliot Richardson) to lobby for preservation of the bad debt loophole. For a fee to his firm reported at $500,000 plus a potential "success premium" of equal size, Chapoton has changed his mind. Closing this loophole, it seems, will threaten the stability of the financial system. And at last report the administration and the House-Senate conference committee seem to be coming around to this new, more sophisticated, view of the matter.

□ SINCERE FLATTERY:



—TNR, December 2, 1985



—*Economist*, August 1, 1986

The case against brilliance.

TOO CLEVER BY HALF

IN MOST FIELDS of intellectual endeavor, the highest praise is reserved for brilliant insights that overturn conventional thinking and common sense. Albert Einstein's theory of relativity, for example, changed completely the way we think about the interrelationship of time and space. Economists and legal scholars, always looking over their shoulders at the "hard sciences," traditionally have applied the same standards in their own fields. But actually, "brilliance"—new ideas that turn conventional thinking on its head—should count heavily against an economic or legal theory.

My first example, the famous "Coase Theorem," is an especially good illustration of a theory done in by its own brilliance, because it derives from the boundary between law and economics. Before Professor Ronald Coase's work two decades ago, the accepted wisdom was that legal rules could improve economic efficiency by preventing firms from imposing costs on outsiders. For example, people pollute because the cost is imposed on their neighbors, or society in general, not on themselves. If they had to pay the whole cost of their pollution, they wouldn't do it.

Coase stood this notion on its head, showing that legal rules are virtually irrelevant because, with or without them, people can negotiate to reach the efficient result. For example, even without laws against pollution, pollution victims could band together and bribe polluters to shut down. Pollution is inefficient if the costs borne by pollution victims exceed the benefits to the polluter—and, Coase triumphantly asserts, these are exactly the circumstances in which rational victims would bribe the polluter to stop. There is a tale, possibly apocryphal, that when Coase first presented this paper at the University of Chicago, his audience was astounded and was persuaded of his theory's validity only after hours of argument. Since then, the Coase Theorem has spawned a huge literature and has become a cornerstone of the conservative academic movement called "law and economics."

Although many scholars have attacked the Coase Theorem, the best reason to reject it is that it is simply too brilliant. The reason the Theorem astounded Coase's audience is that we do not commonly observe people behaving as the Theorem contemplates. If we did, the Theorem would hardly be surprising. Saying that pollution victims pay bribes is startling precisely because it does not really happen.

In other words, brilliance is not merely *evidence* that a theory is invalid, but a likely *cause* of its invalidity. If the idea that victims could bribe polluters is startling, people are not likely to think of it themselves. If they do not think of it themselves, they are not likely to do it. If only a brilliant person can think of doing something, it is unlikely that most people will adopt that course of conduct. Most people, after all, are not brilliant.

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Economics assumes that, by and large, people behave rationally, or at least that they act *as if* they were rational. Indeed, rationality has been said to be the core assumption of economics, distinguishing it from the other social sciences. When critics argue that real-life people and firms are incapable of performing the complicated mathematical calculations involved in modern economic theories, economists respond that whatever decision-making process they do use, people who act according to the theory will prosper and survive, while their competitors will be forced out of the market. But this illustrates the fundamental defect of brilliant theories. If a brilliant theory is true, it should have been discovered in the marketplace. Because it has not been discovered—or else it would not now be considered brilliant—it is very likely false.

Examples of truly brilliant economic theories abound. Unfortunately, most are simply too brilliant to be true. For example, "rational expectations" theory—another modish conservative school of thought—asserts that the government cannot control the economy. Whenever the government tries to do so, consumers and businesses cleverly adjust their own plans in a way that cancels out the effects of the government's action. If economic actors are smart enough to predict and then cancel out the effects of the government's actions, however, they must also be smart enough to realize that the government actions cannot have any truly lasting effect. Moreover, firms realizing that government actions are always ultimately ineffective should have a major competitive advantage, because their planning will not be distorted by the misconception that government policies have effects. Given this advantage, these firms should dominate the marketplace. Thus, rational expectations theory, far from being considered brilliant, would be nothing more than a cliché—if only it were true.

A final example: the theory of "efficient capital markets" holds that there is no way to predict the future course of the stock market because all currently available relevant information is already factored into the current price. According to this theory, investors who trust entirely to luck, numerology, or astrology will beat out those who pay money to brokers, investment counselors, and other experts. Hence, these "naive" investors should dominate the market. In reality, however, the theory sharply conflicts with most investors' view of the market. This theory, like those discussed earlier, is just too much of a surprise to the rational economic actors who are its subjects.

THE COMMON thread in this discussion is rationality. It is all well and good for a theory about electrons to be a total surprise to physicists. If electrons were believed to be largely rational creatures, however, we would not expect to find truths about electrons that surprised the electrons themselves. Most social sciences tend to view human behavior as irrational, so the fact that a theory is surprising is not itself suspicious, because we might lack an understanding of the irrational parts of our behavior. It is much more suspicious, however, to claim—as economists do—that people behave rationally but nevertheless are ignorant of the factors that make their behavior rational. Of course, it is not necessarily impossible that people have all been unconsciously acting as if they believed in an economic theory that economists themselves find startling and novel. But is it likely?

The core problem is that if an economic theory is true, then people who behave rationally will act as if they knew the theory. If people are consistently acting this way, however, it is unlikely that the theory will be a surprising novelty. If people are not consistently acting this way, the theory cannot be true.

The case against brilliance is strongest in economics simply because economics takes the most positive view of human rationality. If a theory is brilliant, by definition everyone in history prior to its discovery was systematically wrong about something. The whole thrust of economic theory, however, is *against* the likelihood that everyone has been wrong.

Another field where brilliance should be counted as a disadvantage is constitutional law—an area in which brilliant scholarship has recently become rampant. Consider just two particularly brilliant recent theories. Dean John Hart Ely of Stanford Law School has addressed the question of how to interpret certain vague clauses in the Constitution, such as the privileges and immunities clause of the Fourteenth Amendment ("No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States"). Allowing judges an open-ended license under these clauses would be undemocratic, but to ignore the clauses would also be improper. Hence, Ely argues, judges should apply the clauses to strengthen democracy by striking down legislation that in some way encumbers the democratic process. This is Ely's famous "representation-reinforcing" theory of judicial review, so-called because the courts reinforce representative democracy.

Professor Ronald Dworkin argues, by contrast, that the open-ended clauses of the Constitution are based on specific conceptions of equality, freedom, and justice. In interpreting these clauses, however, judges should rely not on the particular conceptions of the framers but rather on the deeper philosophical concepts that lie behind these conceptions. Thus, in exercising judicial review, judges should not be concerned with how the framers of the equal protection clause construed the concept of equality, or even with how the average citizen today understands equality, but rather with the true meaning of equality. Dworkin's theory, like Ely's, takes the constitutional text as the starting point, but then adds a brilliant gloss of its own.

Unfortunately, these theories share a flaw, a flaw endemic to brilliant legal theories. The Fourteenth Amendment was not written by Ronald Dworkin or John Hart Ely. Its primary drafter was a man named John Bingham. Bingham had a certain flair for sermonizing. But, based on his public speeches, it seems doubtful that he was as intelligent as the average law professor, let alone Ronald Dworkin and John Hart Ely. It is hard to see how he could have had in mind a notion so ingenious that no one thought of it until Ronald Dworkin and John Hart Ely came along.

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Not everyone agrees that the intent of the framers is what counts in constitutional interpretation. But virtually everyone agrees that a bedrock principle of law is consent of the governed. A brilliant theory is by definition one that would not occur to most people. The general problem with brilliant legal theories is: How can most people have agreed to something that they could not conceive of?

Supreme Court decisions often fall victim to similar brilliant interpretations. Perhaps the most famous recent example is Justice Rehnquist's 1976 opinion in *National League of Cities v. Usery*, which struck down the federal minimum wage for state employees. Two brilliant Harvard professors have argued that Rehnquist's opinion actually established a constitutional right to welfare. In his treatise, *American Constitutional Law*, Professor Lawrence Tribe explains that Justice Rehnquist "seemed sometimes to lay the foundations for precisely such a theory"; that some of the language "may be read to suggest" this theory; that the theory makes sense of "an otherwise problematic distinction"; and that a tension in the cases "may well reflect an unarticulated perception" that the theory is correct. A footnote adds that the author doubts whether any other explanation makes sense. Only through this brilliant reinterpretation, then, can the Court's decision be salvaged.

Of course, this interpretation was so dazzlingly brilliant just because it was painfully obvious that Justice Rehnquist had no such thing in mind. Indeed, the only members of the Court who were remotely likely to be receptive to a constitutional right to welfare were the liberals, all of whom dissented from Justice Rehnquist's opinion. There is something inherently suspect about an interpretation so clever that it never would have occurred to the speaker or the audience.

If my arguments are correct, then the standards for judging academic work in economics and constitutional law should be reconsidered. There is a tendency for high-flying theorists to scoff at those whose work stays closer to the ground. Icarus, too, was scornful of pedestrianism.

(But what if, as several readers have wittily suggested, this article itself suffers from the vice of brilliance? Would not its thesis then be self-contradictory and, hence, necessarily false? Although clever, such an argument is misplaced. Even if this article were brilliant, its thesis is only that brilliant first-order theories about the legal system and the economy are generally false. Thus, the attempted contradiction fails at three points: (1) the charge that this article is "brilliant" is damaging but unproven; (2) the thesis is that *most* brilliant articles are false; this could be one of the rare exceptions; and, most importantly, (3) this article does not present a first-order theory about economics or law, but rather a meta-theory about scholarship in those areas. The article's thesis, therefore, does not apply to itself.)

DANIEL A. FARBER

Daniel A. Farber is professor of law at the University of Minnesota. A different version of this essay appeared in the *Minnesota Law Review*.

What's in a political name? A lie.

VIEWSPEAK

YOU'VE HEARD OF the distributors of *Playboy*; here in Washington they call themselves Americans for Constitutional Freedom. You may have met a mailman or two in your life; when they come to Washington, they become the Fund for Legislative Awareness. Looking for a PAC that supports lobbying services? Meet the Freedom Fund.

This is the private sector's version of Newspeak: call it Viewspeak. It's the increasingly popular trick of disguising your own self-interest in the rhetoric of public interest. It infests lobbying groups and government agencies but has found its most congenial home in PACs. In this banal new world of proper nouns and Capital Letters, any practicing adult in Washington is at high risk of infection. Viewspeak is a language in which Visions are always crystallizing, where everyone is a Citizen for Something, and where Good or Responsible or Effective Government lies just over the Horizons of the Future.

The rules are simple: the more partisan the PAC, the less partisan-sounding its name. The Fund for America's Future is in fact the fund for George Bush's future. American Horizons are remarkably close to Bruce Babbitt's horizons. The Campaign for Prosperity is most interested in Jack Kemp's prosperity. The National Perspectives Institute just happens to emanate from the perspective-laden consciousness of Pat Robertson. Citizens Organized for the National Interest are organized for the national interest of Israel. So is the Government Action Committee and the National PAC. Public Advocate—not to be confused with Ralph Nader's consumer organization, Public Citizen—is generally in favor of business deregulation. The Center for Peace and Freedom is a lobbying group for Star Wars. Perhaps most improbable of all, the Loose Group is Republican.

Honesty only occasionally intrudes. In Federal Election Commission documents, the Fund for the Future lets slip that it's really the Danforth for Senate Committee. The Freedom to Work PAC reveals that it used to be called the Committee to Defeat the Union Bosses. And in 1980 the Educators for Economic Communication decided to cut the guff. They became Join Us To Stop Teddy.

Detecting those few moments of clarity in PACs is officially easy. Every PAC must be registered at the Federal Election Commission, where there are three computerized lists of the thousands of such organizations. One directory lists PACs by their names, one by the names of their major donors, and a third gives a list of names and addresses of individuals in charge of each PAC. All very straightforward, if you're a bureaucrat. Matching up one against the other is a simple if interminable way of finding out who is supporting what. But you soon hit

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upon the major snag: public interest-sounding PACs with Viewspeak titles don't admit to any single source of finance, have no 'sponsors,' and give no further information about their funding. They claim merely that they have a variety of donors, mostly private. Only then does the real reason for the bland leading the bland in PACs' names emerge: you have no clue as to what they might be supporting. There are, for example, over 200 PACs that claim to be for "good government." Very few of them tell you for what or in whose interests. Seventeen of the most prominent 20 "citizen's groups" turn out to be financed not by ad hoc collections of individuals but by corporations. Viewspeak tells you nothing it doesn't want you to know. With all these hurdles, it's no surprise that any direct attempt to contact PACs soon runs aground. Liberation PAC will forever be liberating something unknowable. Americans for an Optimistic Future will continue to escape the scrutiny of pessimists.

Still, for the determined investigator, there is the final tally of names and addresses. The names are generally those of the organizers; the addresses, however, are generally those of private businesses. But they just happen to omit the name of the business, making it virtually impossible to trace the individual either through the phone book or by calling information. Still more PACs live in the comfortable anonymity of P.O. boxes. You don't call PACs; they call you. After several forays, I finally discovered the home number of the organizer of the Government Action Committee in Houston, Texas. Mrs. Laura Rice reported that her PAC is pro-Israel and defended herself with striking lucidity: "You can call it anything you want, can't you?" Richard Altman, executive director of the National PAC, also pro-Israel, was by far the easiest to find. When asked why the PAC didn't call itself what it was, he replied, "But we do, we're a national PAC." "But why not the National Pro-Israel PAC?" I suggested. "Because we're primarily a national PAC, and everyone knows we're pro-Israel. . . . There's no intent to evade or avoid recognition. This is a non-issue issue." (NatPAC actually runs advertisements about its pro-Israel commitment. Yet it clings to the habit of ambiguous labeling.)

NON-NAME NAMES, though, are a problem for any Citizen who wants to know what Viewspeak is designed to hide: the purpose of each PAC and where its money comes from. Only the recipient gets to know that much. The only option is Edward Roeder's *PACS Americana*. It's taken Roeder four years to revise his latest reference guide to PACs, and it's a constant effort to keep his computer up-to-date. Roeder lists the causes that each group finances and where the money comes from. Still, it's inevitably outrun by the continued explosion of the number and resources of PACs themselves. A major complication is that PACS are allowed to change their name at any time, and they do. Tracking one down can be difficult. A PAC can change its identity at any moment. Or it can simply call itself something indistinguishable from everything else. One computer program the happy PAC-hunter can use is simply a name-search on Roeder's files. It only costs $100 a time. You feed "Responsible" into the computer and a torrent of Responsible organizations (from gas companies to religious fundamentalists) comes out of the printer.

The non-names are effective barriers to any investigation of intent. Who can object to a grant from citizens in favor of the future? Who can tell exactly what it is? Flicking through a congressman's records and seeing support from some "Committee for Better Government" is hardly likely to raise suspicions. And yet $87 million has changed hands since 1972. This year over $25 million has already been given by people as elusive as the language they use.

Even the quickest check of Roeder's book shows how impenetrable Viewspeak can be. Free Enterprise PAC might be confused with Free Enterprise Political Action Committee, or FEPAC. The former is an anti-abortion group, the latter the voice of the Macon Prestresses Concrete Company in Georgia. The Colorado Coalition for Responsible Government is financed largely by oil and gas companies, whereas the Committee for a Responsible Federal Budget is a nonpartisan non-PAC for debating deficits. This is far removed from the Responsible Government Fund, which is a right-wing PAC based in Florence, Alabama. And none of these should be mixed up with the True Responsible Government Committee, which is a PAC for something called True Ranches Incorporated in Wyoming. But there is something cheerfully appropriate about a Viewspeak PAC with the word "true" in its title. It comes as a gentle reminder that in the million-dollar business of buying influence in Washington, War is still Peace, Freedom is still Slavery, and Legislative Awareness is every mailman's dream.

ANDREW SULLIVAN

Sleazeballs save the Bahamas.

GETTING STONED

TWENTY YEARS AGO Sir Lynden O. Pindling, the new prime minister of the Bahamas, was hailed as a hero who had rescued his country's black majority from rule by a corrupt white establishment. In the past few weeks he was featured on the front pages as the leader of a Commonwealth crusade to persuade Britain and the United States to impose tough sanctions on the apartheid regime in South Africa. But the liberator and statesman has suffered a major political embarrassment along the way—a snowfall of allegations about cocaine-related corruption.

In light of this, you might be skeptical of a recent assertion by Pindling that the Bahamas is the "country most assisting the United States to meet and conquer" the cocaine menace. Pindling made this claim in a statement

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issued during the Chicago convention of Operation PUSH on July 26, which he addressed as the honored guest of his friend Jesse Jackson. Pindling spoke of numerous steps his government had taken to cooperate with American drug enforcement agencies. That he was not swept out of the Windy City on a gale of laughter may be a tribute to the American political consultants Pindling has hired to polish his image in the United States. Say hello again to Black, Manafort and Stone, the Washington lobbying firm that for a modest fee of $800,000 per year (expenses included) has set out to banish the "negative perceptions" that enshroud Sir Lynden and his regime.

THE CHARGES against Pindling are based on some telling evidence developed by the Royal Commission of Investigation, set up by Sir Lynden himself. This tribunal was established three years ago, after NBC News broadcast a claim that members of Pindling's government were being paid $100,000 monthly to look the other way while Colombians ran a massive smuggling operation on an obscure Bahamian island.

The commission produced a report condemning several of Pindling's top aides and cronies. Its verdict on Pindling was ambiguous. Two of the three commissioners found there was no evidence that drug money ever reached the prime minister. But the commission turned up curious discrepancies in his personal finances, including $2.8 million in "gifts" and "loans" he accepted between 1977 and 1983, and another $240,000 for which he had no explanation. One commissioner, Drexel Gomez, the Anglican bishop of Barbados, dissented from his colleagues' conclusion that none of these receipts had come from the drug trade: "It is certainly feasible that all of these payments Pindling received could have been made from non-drug-related sources. But in my opinion, the circumstances raise great suspicion and I find it impossible to say that the payments were all non-drug-related." Meanwhile, since March six drug planes, one piloted by the son of a member of Parliament, have crashed in the Bahamas.

A document circulating in the Bahamas suggests that Black, Manafort and Stone volunteered for the chore of deodorizing Pindling's reputation. It is a single-spaced 20-page "Proposal for the Government of the Bahamas," in which the firm outlines a "comprehensive plan" on a "macro level and a micro level" to improve the Pindling government's image in Washington. The document, apparently presented to the Bahamian government in late 1984, reveals not only the lengths to which the firm will go to win well-paying clients but also the depth of Pindling's image problem.

According to Black, Manafort and Stone, Pindling's troubles really spring from an unholy alliance between "Eastern establishment media outlets" and the Bahamian political opposition, which is determined to "sow seeds of disgust and distrust in Washington D.C." These hostile forces, says the proposal, "have been sowing the seeds that the Government of the Bahamas is a 'nation for sale' inviting drug czars to use the banking system, that government officials are participating in the drug trafficking, that the Pindling Administration is about to collapse and much more." The result is a "one way negative perception in Washington" in which enemies of the Bahamas, who include congressional Democrats, the Drug Enforcement Agency, and the Treasury Department, are "using the propaganda to achieve their own self-interests."

The lobbyists suggest several tactics for cutting through this fog of negativity. One is a campaign to "set the record straight on what is going on in the Bahamas" by appealing to "contacts" in the media and the academic world. These would include "leading editors of periodicals such as *U.S. News and World Report, Time, Newsweek, National Journal,* newspaper journalists such as William Safire, Pat Buchanan, and television broadcasters for all three networks and influential local television and radio stations." And "a coordinated approach" could be "fashioned" through organizations like the Georgetown Center for Strategic and International Studies, the Center for Democracy, and the American Enterprise Institute.

More important, of course, is improving perceptions in Congress and inside the Reagan administration. Here the "National Security Council can impact on a cross-departmental basis. It is important for purposes of mobilizing political support within the West Wing and heightening priorities for attention." The State Department could also prove helpful: "personal relationships between the Department of State officials and Black, Manafort and Stone can be utilized to upgrade a backchannel relationship in the economic and foreign policy spheres." And finally, there is the Defense Department, which, "because of the strategic location of the Bahamas . . . is materially interested in the relationship between the Reagan Administration and the Pindling Administration. Of significance to the Government of the Bahamas is the fact that Secretary Weinberger is a personal friend of Attorney General designate Meese. Thus the personal relationship between these two men can be used to a positive advantage if correctly coordinated and included in a comprehensive strategy and plan."

According to documents on file with the Justice Department, the Bahamian government was sufficiently impressed to sign up with the lobbying firm for 18 months. This is not to say that upon receipt of the first installment of their fee, Black, Manafort and Stone immediately put the proposals into effect. Indeed, this document bears all the trademarks of what seems to be the classic Black, Manafort and Stone sales pitch: compulsive name-dropping and hype (see "State-of-the-Art Sleazeball" by Jacob Weisberg, TNR, December 9, 1985).

WHEN I TELEPHONED the firm, a spokesperson, who insisted that most of our conversation be on "deep background," conceded that the Bahamas proposal may have been overstated. "This document was an overall proposal to the government of the Bahamas. Over the course of time the approach is modified depending upon the needs of the Bahamas and the United States," was the

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official quote from this Shallow Throat. Unfortunately for the Bahamians, the law against bait-and-switch advertising is not enforced against Washington influence-peddlers.

In reality, according to the documents Black, Manafort and Stone have filed with the Justice Department, the firm's activities on behalf of the Pindling government have been rather prosaic. Instead of bending the ears of Cabinet officers, the firm has mostly held meetings with mid-level or even minor functionaries, such as aides to several members of Congress, the assistant commissioner of Customs,

AMERICAN BAKSHEESH

Before a 1977 law made it illegal, some American companies would eagerly pay off Third World officials in order to get their countries' business. That's just local custom, the companies argued. Now Third Worlders have discovered Washington's own quaint local system of *baksheesh*. Dozens of them have retained high-priced influence-peddlers to aid in the quest for access to officials who can supply them with U.S. aid, or who can loosen trade restrictions against their exports. And though the most active influence-buyers are relatively well-off countries such as Saudi Arabia, South Korea, and Taiwan, poorer and more obscure countries are in the market for influence and attention too.

This is largely a tribute to the marketing hustle of lobbyists. "It's hard to get this business. A lot of money is spent wining and dining," says Edward van Kloberg. One of van Kloberg's clients, Iraq, pays him $1,000 for every media interview he can arrange for its ambassador. Sales trips to foreign capitals are common. When word got out a year ago that Peru (GNP per capita: $980) had signed a letter of intent to pay Black, Manafort, Stone & Kelly a $500,000 annual retainer, plus expenses, the embassy found itself besieged by other influence-peddlers offering to do the job for less.

Lobbying pitchmen work on the natural insecurity of diplomats who don't understand the Washington policy apparatus and have little access or expertise of their own. "Ambassadors play follow the leader," says one lawyer/lobbyist with several foreign clients. "They see the change in p.r., and are willing to write home and ask for more budget to buy it." Smart influence-peddlers also capitalize on power games within the foreigners' own governments. "Often a Cabinet minister abroad competes with the ambassador for power," says trade lawyer Noel Hemmendinger. "The name-dropper lobbyist sells himself to such a minister." These days Third World shoptalk centers on the best buys in Washington access. President El Hadj Omar Bongo of Gabon, a small West African OPEC member (GNP per capita: $3,690 before oil prices fell), recently signed Neill and Company for $250,000 per year. He heard about the firm from another Neill customer, King Hassan of Morocco (GNP per capita: $500).

Neither influence-peddlers nor the Third World elites who hire them seem overly concerned by the contrast between huge fees and the poverty of the countries. "One of the pitfalls is guessing what a country can pay," one lobbyist explains coolly. "A pitfall is you underbid." Under Duvalier, Haiti (GNP per capita: $240) was one of the busiest influence-buyers in town. It once paid Gray and Company over $100,000 in fees and expenses in a six-month period. John H. Shepherd and Associates currently has a two-year, $2 million deal to enhance the image of Liberia (GNP per capita: $490). Black, Manafort, Stone & Kelly gets $1 million a year from Nigeria (GNP per capita: $630) and $270,000, plus $25,000 expenses, from the Dominican Republic (GNP per capita: $1,090). Black, Manafort and Stone has routinely billed the Dominicans for "lunch/dinner meetings" at swanky restaurants in Washington such as Germaine's and Tiberio.

This only heightens the poignancy when countries learn that the firms have been giving them the same snow job they give domestic clients. "One thing that bothers us is the amount of flimflam in this business," grouses one former Reagan administration official who now lobbies for Third World clients. "Firms don't really perform. We see countries getting cut up, their aid reduced, and where's their lobbyist?" The West African nation of Cameroon (GNP per capita: $800) paid Edward van Kloberg $30,000 to open doors for Cameroonian officials who came here last year looking for investment from U.S. business. Nyuydzewira Dennis, an economic counselor at the Cameroon Embassy, says his country is satisfied with van Kloberg's work, yet now realizes that the meetings probably could have been set up for free by local chambers of commerce. "If we ever had another mission I'd strongly advise ministers not to hire a public relations firm. We're an African country, a poor country. We can't afford the high fees of p.r. firms. They are really expensive for nothing."

Such skepticism is bad news for all influence-peddlers. It heightens the already substantial risk that financially shaky Third World nations won't pay up. The Office of Protocol says it has had to settle one case, involving three firms and $50,000, in which a Third World country deadbeated its lobbyists and lawyers. But other firms are having problems too. Morocco, which canceled its contract with Gray and Company last March, got so mad at the $297,605.39 expense tab Gray ran up—on top of a $300,000 annual retainer—that it hasn't paid the firm a cent. Nine months after signing its $500,000 letter of intent, debt-strapped Peru informed Black, Manafort and Stone that it couldn't afford to close the deal after all. It didn't pay for the small amounts of p.r. and lobbying work the firm carried out. Alarmed, more and more influence-peddlers now insist on cash on the barrelhead from Third Worlders.

Still, tougher contract terms won't make up for the fact that diplomats seem to be catching on to the racket. Corazon Aquino's Philippines (GNP per capita: $590) isn't about to return to the days when Black, Manafort charged $950,000 a year to hustle on behalf of Ferdinand Marcos's business pals. "So far we haven't found it necessary to get a lobbyist," says embassy official Jaime Yambao. "We'd like to see what we can do ourselves before turning to others. From what I understand it's very expensive."

CHARLES LANE

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and White House drug advisers. The firm reports that it has approached the administration on such high-profile issues as Haitian immigration, political risk insurance for U.S. companies investing in the islands, and a proposal to stage a "First Ladies Drug Abuse Conference" in the Bahamas. This would be amusing if it weren't so tacky.

The firm did make a show of its efforts to improve cooperation between U.S. and Bahamian law enforcement agencies in "drug interdiction" projects. It appears to claim credit for the delivery of $225,000 worth of anti-drug equipment to unspecified "mobil [sic] units" and also said it was working on a "U.S. commitment" to finance a new radar balloon to be tethered in the islands. That either the Pindling government or the Reagan administration should require the assistance of the artful persuaders at Black, Manafort and Stone to arrange these modest precautions probably says more about both countries' floundering drug enforcement campaigns than about the lobbyists' magic touch.

The truth is that no amount of smooth talking in Washington will eradicate suspicions of the Bahamian government, which are now widespread among American drug enforcement officials. (A few U.S. officials do concede, however, that they sometimes find it quicker to effect changes in Bahamian police deployments and tactics by contacting Black, Manafort and Stone than by working through diplomatic channels.) In any case, Pindling's desire to look diligent on the drug issue may have more to do with his political problems in the Bahamas—where corruption is expected to be a major issue in a general election later this year—than with his desire to impress the Reagan administration.

Pindling's political consultants are conspicuously absent from the other major political campaign the prime minister has launched to improve his reputation abroad and at home—his call for the end of apartheid. In a passionate voice, Pindling last month told Operation PUSH: "We must raise our voices high and tell the Afrikaner Pharoah: Let our people go!" The partners of Black, Manafort and Stone, meanwhile, attend to another of their customers: Jonas Savimbi, leader of the Angolan guerrilla group UNITA and sometime client of—you guessed it—the apartheid regime in South Africa.

MARK HOSENBALL

Mark Hosenball's last piece for TNR was "Wally-Gate" (July 28, 1986).

Joe Biden turns up the volume.

MIGHTY MOUTH

BY BRIT HUME

ON THE MORNING of July 24, Senator Joseph Biden, his face contorted with rage, stared out from the front pages of the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and other newspapers. At a Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearing the previous day, he had erupted in a tirade at Secretary of State George Shultz over the Reagan administration's policy toward the South African government. "We ask them to put up a timetable," he said. "What is our timetable? Where do we stand morally? . . . I hate to hear an administration and a secretary of state refusing to act on a morally abhorrent point. . . . I'm ashamed of this country that puts out a policy like this that says nothing, nothing . . . I'm ashamed of the lack of moral backbone to this policy." Shultz insisted the administration's policy had "tremendous moral backbone." "What we want," he explained, "is a society that they can all live in together. So I don't turn my back on the whites and I would hope that you wouldn't." To which Biden responded, "I speak for the oppressed, whatever they happen to be."

His performance might have struck some as insufferable moralizing, made worse by his incivility to Shultz, whose courtesy and patience are much appreciated on Capitol Hill. But it was vintage Biden. And it illustrates both his strengths and weaknesses as a probable candidate for the Democratic Party's presidential nomination. Biden, 43 years old, is winning rave notices on the party speaking circuit as a dynamic and gifted orator with the courage to stand up to his party's entrenched interest groups, and the skill and passion to make them like it. Around the Senate, however, with few exceptions his record has been that of a reliable ally of those interest groups. And the rhetorical fervor of his stump speeches and debating style have earned him the reputation of a man whose mouth often runs—and runs, and runs—well ahead of his mind.

Indeed, Biden gives the impression of utter spontaneity. It is an uncommon and in some ways charming quality, but

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it frequently gets him into trouble in the Senate. There was, for example, the defeat snatched from the jaws of victory the day Daniel Manion's nomination as a federal appellate judge came before the full Senate. Biden was the Democrats' floor manager. After stalling for days in the hope that opposition to Manion—a conservative of scant judicial credentials—would build, the Democrats suddenly announced they were ready to vote. Majority Leader Robert Dole, who had been calling all day for an immediate vote, found himself in the excruciating position of having to admit on the Senate floor before a crowded gallery, with the TV cameras rolling, that he wasn't ready. Dole explained sheepishly that two members were out of town. Suddenly, and to the obvious surprise of Democratic leader Robert Byrd, Biden offered Dole two pairs—that is, to hold back two Democratic votes against Manion (including his own) to offset Dole's absentees, in exchange for an immediate vote. Dole could hardly say no, and the vote began.

In the hallways, civil rights lobbyists said the Democrats had 51 firm votes and could afford to give away two, especially with the Republicans two short. But Republican Slade Gorton of Washington, who had opposed Manion because he had been unable to get a desired judicial appointment through the Justice Department, suddenly got the promise he had been waiting for and switched sides. The Democrats were still ahead, but at the last minute Republican Nancy Kassebaum of Kansas switched from voting against Manion to a pair with the absent Barry Goldwater. That left the vote tied and meant that Vice President Bush, presiding, would inevitably cast the deciding vote for Manion. "Mr. President," Biden suddenly blurted, "I withdraw my pair. I vote no." Then, moments later, "Mr. President, never mind. Forget I said that." Byrd then did the only thing he could do and switched his vote to be on the winning side, so that he would be eligible under Senate rules to move to reconsider the vote. He did, but the matter was put off, and by the time the vote occurred weeks later on the motion to reconsider, the Republicans had enough votes to muster a tie that Bush broke in Manion's favor.

Biden would later explain that his decision to grant the two pairs had been a calculated gamble, based on his belief that four of the commitments he held against Manion would be good for that day only, and that the four senators in question inevitably would yield to pressure afterward and back Manion. But the fact is, a winning position had been turned into a lost vote. And it is almost painful to imagine how a comparable episode, with Biden's quickly retracted outburst about withdrawing his pair, would have been treated in the heat of a presidential campaign.

BIDEN, HOWEVER, seems unworried. "One thing that has changed in the last three years," he says, "is I really feel good about myself and where I am." Certainly Biden has come some distance from the bitter and haunted young man who came to the Senate 14 years ago after suffering the terrible tragedy of his wife and infant daughter's death in an automobile accident a week before Christmas 1972. For years Biden was suspicious and standoffish, with a special distaste for the press. He was best known for the fact that he went home to Wilmington, Delaware, every night on the Metroliner to be with his two young sons, returning in the morning. It is a practice he continues to this day, but since his remarriage in 1977, his outlook has brightened. "I'm proud of what I do in the Senate," he says, "confident I'm ready, and absolutely confident we are on the verge of a real change in the mind-set of this country."

This last is Article One of what might be called the Pat Caddell Credo, the beliefs that gave us the Gary Hart campaign of 1984—after Caddell failed to persuade Biden to make the race. It has led some to think that both Hart and Biden are merely creatures of Caddell's kingmaking ambitions, spokesmen for viewpoints gleaned from his polling. But Biden claims credit for the idea that the Democratic Party had lost its appeal to a generation of younger voters by seeming too subservient to the party's interest groups and too pro-government. He has speeches going back to well before 1984 to support him. "The fact is," he said in 1980, "that government has become too large. It regulates too much and it taxes far too much." In 1981 he told the National Young Democrats Convention, "The Democratic Party is simply out of touch as a national party." Wrested from their context, these words sound harsher than they were, and they're hardly radical stuff anyway. But they're a far cry from anything Walter Mondale was saying in 1984.

IN SEPTEMBER 1983, Biden made a thunderous speech that sounded sharply critical of his party to the New Jersey State Democratic Convention. "America is in serious trouble," it began, "and so is the Democratic Party. As every hour passes, our ability to shape the American future is slipping from our grasp. . . . Instead of thinking of ourselves as Americans first, Democrats second, and members of special-interest groups third, we have begun to think in terms of special interests first and the greater interest second." The speech, whose concluding note was an emotional call to action built around a quote from Robert Kennedy, drew a standing ovation and tears in the eyes of many. After that Caddell, who had long been Biden's pollster, began a protracted effort to get him to run for president. Biden listened at length, but finally concluded the time wasn't right. For one thing, he was up for re-election that year, which meant the race would be a White House-or-bust proposition.

Now Biden has all but decided to run in 1988. And he's taken seriously. Bill Bradley, himself sometimes mentioned as a possible Democratic candidate, says Biden is "the best speaker in the Senate." Tom Donilon, a political operative who worked in successful nomination campaigns with Jimmy Carter in 1980 and Mondale four years later, likes Biden's chances. "He can appeal to voters in Iowa and New Hampshire, and he's still someone who can go South," Donilon says, noting that Biden's recent speeches have been enthusiastically received in all parts of

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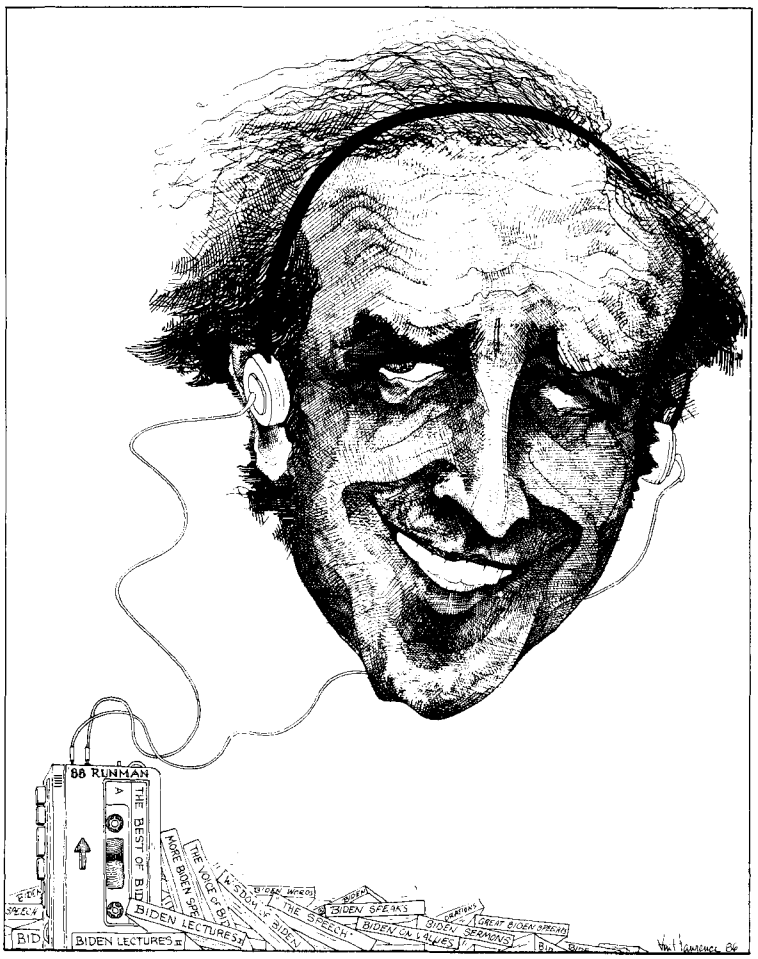
the country. And he says Biden may be the only potential Democratic nominee who can do what many think someone will have to do if the Democrats are to win: stand up to Jesse Jackson without losing black votes.

Biden has a reputation for telling off people in his party without making them dislike him. "You know why?" he says. "It's because they know I'm really with them." He certainly is, and this is critical to understanding Biden and his message. For all his rhetoric about special-interest groups and the need for change in the Democratic Party, Biden's record has largely been that of an orthodox liberal Democrat who gets consistently high ratings from the groups that make up the traditional Democratic coalition. In 1984, for example, the AFL-CIO gave him an 84 percent rating, the Americans for Democratic Action an 85. He has long opposed racial busing and thought criminal rehabilitation a mirage. But these are the exceptions.

He voted against tuition tax credits, for the Martin Luther King holiday, and against overturning the Supreme Court decisions allowing abortion and prohibiting school prayer. In keeping with his view that the government taxes too much, he has gone along with both the Reagan tax cut of 1981 and the Senate version of the current tax reform bill. But Biden has never departed from the concept of taxing the rich and redistributing the wealth, which has been a large part of the old-time religion of American liberalism. For example, he twice voted to hold the Reagan tax cut to one year, and also to limit its benefits to upper-income taxpayers. And although he supported his Democratic colleague Bill Bradley's tax reform ideas when they came to the Senate floor this year in the form of the Finance Committee's tax reform bill, he also voted in favor of the Mitchell amendment. It would have added an additional, higher tax bracket for the rich and was strongly opposed by Bradley and other tax reform advocates. Indeed, the Mitchell plan was regarded as a "killer" amendment, one that would have fractured the broadly based coalition of interests that had rallied behind the bill. It was overwhelmingly defeated. Despite Biden's occasional criticism of Big Government, he says, "People haven't lost faith in in government. They've lost faith in the ability of a Democrat to manage the levers of power."

In foreign policy, Biden was against the MX, for the nuclear freeze, against military aid to El Salvador, and against aid to the *contras* in Nicaragua. He has been deeply involved in the effort to keep SALT II alive. And, of course, he has passionately pushed for sanctions against South Africa. At the same time he says that the Soviet Union has also been a major human rights offender and that he favors improved relations with the Soviets: "There are no absolute rules in the conduct of foreign policy." Biden is fond of saying that he "came out of" the American civil rights movement of the 1960s, and he finds an important parallel between it and events in South Africa. He believes the movement gives the United States a special responsibility for leadership on the issue of apartheid. Though he acknowledges that the United States may have only a marginal effect on South Africa, he says, "Sometimes you take actions even though they won't affect anything but because they're right."



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

In view of his record on civil rights issues, it isn't surprising that Benjamin Hooks said in introducing Biden recently at the NAACP convention in Baltimore, "When the NAACP needed you, you were there." Biden made headlines that day for criticizing Jesse Jackson. But this is what he said: "You must reject those voices in the movement who tell black Americans to go it alone, who tell you that coalitions don't work anymore . . . that only blacks should represent blacks." That's all. Jackson was never mentioned by name. The speech was largely devoted to a blistering attack on the Reagan administration's civil rights record. At a press conference afterward, reporters succeeded in getting Biden to say that Jackson "does not know what he's talking about on Libya, does not know what he's talking about on economic policy." But he also said, "Jackson has done some

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really phenomenally good things." This is a standard Biden tactic: some general criticism generously leavened with praise, often including himself among the targets of criticism.

Biden is able, as some politicians are not, to laugh at himself, and he has an irrepressible boyish personality that makes him hard to dislike. He says he has even come to enjoy reporters, and expects to know how to deal with the national press corps by the time he makes a final decision on running for president. Yet when he first learned this article had been commissioned, to a reporter not known, as his longtime press secretary Pete Smith put it, "as one of Biden's greatest fans," the senator telephoned the editor in chief of this magazine and tried to have the assignment called off. When that failed, he at first refused to sit for an interview, agreeing only to a preliminary informal chat over coffee, after which he would decide whether to cooperate. "I just want to find out why you don't like me," he said at the beginning of that chat in the Senate dining room. It was an awkward and extraordinary conversation, in which Biden finally asked if the reporter harbored any "deep personal antipathy." He was assured that there was none. "Then what is it you don't like?" he asked. "Senator," came the reluctant reply, "I think you're a windbag." Biden seemed greatly relieved, laughed, and said he thought there was truth to that. He agreed to cooperate fully.

BIDEN HAS LONG had a considerable reputation among Capitol Hill reporters for enjoying the sound of his own voice. On the first day of the highly publicized confirmation hearing of Alexander Haig as secretary of state, for example, Biden took his entire first turn—ten minutes—to ask a single question, and when he was finished it was unclear what the question was. Everyone laughed, Biden included. In another Foreign Relations hearing a year later, he went on at such length late in a long session that broadcast correspondents at the press table fashioned a white flag from a napkin and a microphone pole and waved it in the air. The chairman, Charles Percy, howled with laughter, as did Democrat Alan Cranston. Biden seemed not to notice. Reminded of the incident, Biden said he knew he had a tendency to go on too long but had now curbed it. Only a few days later, at a joint news conference with Republican Senator William Cohen of Maine on legislation to keep SALT II alive, he spoke for more than 30 minutes before Cohen got a word in.

Biden has been well-positioned in terms of seniority and committee assignments to develop a major legislative record. As the Judiciary Committee's ranking Democrat he did play an important role in the 1984 enactment of a sweeping rewrite, 11 years in the making, of the nation's criminal code. Colleagues credit his contribution on this bill to his ability to get along with the committee's one-time Dixiecrat chairman, Strom Thurmond, a man nearly twice Biden's age with a distinctly different political background. On the Foreign Relations Committee during the SALT II debate, Biden became an acknowledged expert on the treaty, and has been a leader of the renewed effort to keep it alive in the face of the Reagan administration's desire to let it die. He says he was "the single most active" Democrat on the Intelligence Committee, a claim that is hard to assess, since the committee's proceedings are almost entirely secret. Biden says he "twice threatened to go public with covert action plans by the Reagan administration that were harebrained," and thereby halted them. Committee rules forbid him from saying what those plans were.

BUT ASIDE FROM his role with the SALT II treaty, which the Senate did not ratify, and the careful aim he has taken at the fish in the apartheid barrel, Biden has not been an important player on the Foreign Relations Committee. And he was no factor at all on the Budget Committee, although it has been an important arena in the Reagan years. He was frequently absent from meetings, and his periods of attendance were brief and marked by obvious impatience with the tedium of the proceedings. He got off that committee last year. "The Budget Committee is useless," he says. Aside from the crime bill, Biden is not associated with any major bill.

Still, he says he is proud of his role in the Senate and considers himself an important force in the party caucus. "Joe Biden," he says, "can go to both liberals and conservatives and bring 'em together." Biden has taken an active role in the Judiciary Committee in opposing some Reagan nominations. He led the successful fight to defeat Jefferson Sessions of Alabama as a federal judge. But he is better known for his role in the confirmation battle over Attorney General Edwin Meese, especially for his lengthy, anguished explanation of his vote against Meese in the Judiciary Committee.

Biden told Meese that day, "I have concluded that you are a personable and likable man. I have concluded that you have done no criminal wrong and I do not believe that you are unethical. . . . I just never found a case about [you] that you are—I have not been able to conclude in my mind, you are an unethical man. I have not been able to make that conclusion. So if all those things are there, why, why do I find it so difficult to vote for you? And I finally figured it out. It relates less to you than it does to the office of attorney general. I think some would say . . . that I have maybe an idealistic and unrealistic view of the office of attorney general. But I think it should be occupied by a person of extraordinary stature and character."

If Biden's speech sounded to some suspiciously like the rationalizations of a politician looking for a way to vote against a nominee in spite of the evidence, to others it came across as a heroic statement of conscience. The editors of the *Washington Post* published it in its entirety on their op-ed page. Still, it reinforced the impression of Biden as a man who does much of his thinking out loud and sometimes has difficulty figuring out what he thinks. And that, ultimately, is the most enduring impression Biden leaves. It suggests that a Biden campaign for the presidency would be colorful, newsworthy, and, unlike his oratory, brief. □

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The Sandinista way of repression.

HUMAN RIGHTS IN NICARAGUA

BY NINA H. SHEA

FEW WERE surprised by the recent shutdown of *La Prensa* and the expulsion of two prominent Catholic clerics in Nicaragua. The Sandinistas have not disguised their antipathy toward the press and the Church. However, their methods of repression against individuals and other institutions that oppose them have been persistent and insidious yet little publicized. The Sandinistas don't go in for the ghastly death squad killings and disappearances that have been common in El Salvador and Guatemala, nor for the atrocities attributed to the *contras*. Instead, they stifle dissent through arrests and detentions, torture, property confiscations, food ration cutbacks, job dismissals, bank loan denials, and ideological pressure by neighborhood "Sandinista Defense Committees." Those who refuse to be silenced or to surrender their freedoms are free to leave. Over 200,000 have done so.

The suppression of the civil opposition by the Sandinistas began soon after they took power in July 1979 and has steadily grown more pervasive as the *contras* have become a force to reckon with. During their first month, the Sandinistas imposed the Public Order Law, a vaguely worded decree used to prosecute political opponents. "Popular Anti-Somocista Tribunals," a separate court system established in 1983, ensure convictions in Public Order cases. The tribunal panels of three members, selected for Sandinista Party loyalties, had a conviction rate of 99 percent in 1985.

Thousands of independent labor unionists, political party activists, church leaders, journalists, academics, defense attorneys, human rights activists, and others have been arrested and imprisoned for dissenting from the government, for membership and activities in lawful associations, or other political reasons. The private Nicaraguan Permanent Commission of Human Rights estimates that at any given time 3,000 people may be imprisoned in the state security centers, where prisoners are taken for interrogation. (This figure is an estimate, since no one is allowed in.) A representative of an international relief agency who visits prisoners in the national penitentiaries (where prisoners are sent after they are charged) placed the number of political prisoners being held in these cells at around 3,500—excluding 2,500 imprisoned former Somoza National Guardsmen. Taking even the known figure of 3,500, this would give Nicaragua, with a population of three million, a very high proportion of prisoners.

Political prisoners tend to be low- or mid-ranking members of opposition groups or individuals without international contacts or influence. As of December 1985, the Social Christian Party listed 93 of its members as imprisoned, including 50 sentenced to seven years or longer, largely on Public Order charges. As of February 1986, the Independent Liberal Party counted 70 of its members in prison. Forty-two were arrested soon after the 1984 elections, and 26 are serving three- to six-year terms.

Mauricio Membreno, an 18-year-old head of the Social Democratic Party Youth, received an 11-year sentence while I was in Nicaragua. He was arrested on June 15, 1985, and accused of assaulting 16 policemen at a welcoming ceremony the day before at the Managua airport for the newly installed Cardinal Obando y Bravo, an outspoken critic of the regime. His colleagues and relatives state that he was not at the scene of the crime, and that his conviction was based on a "confession" he made after four days of being held with his hands and feet bound in an unlit underground cell, with no food.

Many more Nicaraguans have been detained without charges or trial, for up to a year. Under the state of emergency, which has been in effect almost continually since March 1982, authorities are empowered indefinitely to hold citizens suspected of violating the Public Order Law.

Since 1985 the Permanent Commission of Human Rights reported hundreds of arrests in government dragnets in the departments of Nueva Guinea, Nueva Segovia, Esteli, Jinotega, and Chinandega. Most involved campesinos accused of "collaborating with the *contras*" but not specifically charged with any crime. They were released after several weeks or months in jail. An opposition party leader gave the International League for Human Rights a list of 57 men from the town of Condega who were arrested and held without charges in fall 1985. Another American group confirmed that 52 men from the 200-family village of El Jocote were picked up in a mass arrest around the same time and also held without charges.

Many members of the non-Sandinista labor unions (all of which opposed Somoza) have been detained, some repeatedly, for up to several months. The largest independent labor confederation, the Nicaraguan Workers' Central (CTN), reports that since 1983 about

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Nina H. Shea, an attorney and program director of the International League for Human Rights, participated in a League fact-finding mission in Nicaragua from February 9 to 16, 1986.

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500 of its members, including all seven directors, have been temporarily imprisoned. Nicaragua's other main independent labor group, the Nicaraguan Confederation of Trade Union Unity (CUS), estimates that 300 of its rank and file have been jailed, most without due process. Some were freed on the condition that they become government informers. Others were threatened with re-arrest if they did not drop their membership in independent groups.

DURING INTERROGATION at state security facilities, the political prisoner is held incommunicado. By law this may last indefinitely; it averages between two and four weeks. Interior Minister Tomás Borge explained to a delegation from the Lawyers Committee for International Human Rights that prisoners are isolated "to establish a psychological link between them and their interrogators."

In fact, many state security detainees report psychological torture and other abuses. During the February visit of the League, scores of former prisoners and their relatives came forward, some in the face of government threats, to tell their stories.

Inmates of Managua's infamous El Chipote prison are generally held incommunicado in dark, subterranean cells, constructed entirely of cement with metal doors. Many cells are severely cramped, some no more than a meter square, which makes it difficult or impossible for prisoners to lie down. Sanitation facilities consist of a water pipe that runs briefly each day, and a floor hole that serves as the toilet and drain. Some cells have poor drainage and prisoners must stand in their own excrement. Former prisoners described them as "hermetically sealed" tomblike chambers, and complained about the terrible stench and high temperatures.

Prisoners frequently are denied food and water for the first 24 or 48 hours and then receive starvation rations of food that is often spoiled. The Permanent Commission recorded cases of prisoners being deprived of food for up to 18 days.

Conditions in Quinta Ye, the provincial state security jail in Chinandega, are even worse. Javier Altamirano Perez, a 32-year-old CUS labor leader who has been repeatedly imprisoned in Quinta Ye, said on one occasion he was confined to a covered hole in the ground for 27 days. The only amenities were a tube to the surface for air and a wooden shelf for a bed. There were no sanitation facilities, water, or light. He had nothing to eat or drink for the first day. Throughout the month even his captors did not speak to him. He spent another 18 days in an above-ground cell, until finally being released without charges. He believes the arrest was in reprisal for his union affiliation. Twenty-five others from his union had similar experiences.

Many political detainees are subject to death threats, threats against their families, and mock executions. Some spoke of beatings, sexual abuse, and other physical cruelties. Sofonias Cisneros, the 60-year-old head of the private Nicaraguan Christian Parent-Teacher Association, was arrested on May 14, 1985, and reports being brutalized by state security director Lenin Cerna:

> The soldier of rank . . . asked me my name and my address and then punched me on the left side of my chest, followed by several kicks. Then he asked me, "Do you know who I am? . . . Well, I am Commander Lenin Cerna, and you are a son-of-a-bitch who is going to die right here!" while placing his pistol to my right temple. . . . Commander Cerna attacked me, punching and kicking me all over my body while saying to me: "Why are you attacking the revolution, why don't you respect the Commanders, why do you make fun of the heroes and martyrs?" I replied that in the Parents meeting I had spoken on the "New Education" and the manner in which it was currently being imparted and that I had in fact said that that system was dehumanizing because it was predicated on hatred between brothers, warmongering, and the dissolution of the family, as well as attacks on the Church. . . . Commander Cerna . . . immediately ordered that I be handcuffed with my arms behind my back; I realized that the handcuff had a cutting edge on the side closer to my body that resembled a smooth spur, and as they [the state security authorities] made me kneel in front of him and they pushed me backward, this cutting edge cut my back in several places. As I reclined thus on the handcuffs, he placed his boot on my ribs and stood on me with the intention of breaking them.

Cisneros believes he was punished for criticizing government interference with education in Christian schools. The Mexican ambassador intervened, and Cisneros was released without charge that night. Directors of Nicaragua's independent bar association accompanied Cisneros to the League's meeting and vouched for his truthfulness.

After interrogation, prisoners are usually released or transferred to the national penitentiaries. Here violence is selectively applied against those who are critical of prison treatment or government policies, or who resist prison regimen by undertaking hunger strikes, refusing to work, conducting protests, or attempting to escape. Beatings by prison guards and confinement in cells with hoodlums who physically and sexually attack the prisoner are also reported.

LUIS MORA Sanchez, the former president of the *La Prensa* journalists' union and a Social Democrat activist, has been imprisoned twice in the last two years in the penitentiaries. The second time he was locked in a cell with a gang that brutally beat him for 15 days. I met him the day after he was released because of an international appeal and saw that his teeth and nose had been broken. Mora and his family have since sought asylum in Costa Rica.

Nonviolent but painful methods of discipline are reported most frequently against prisoners who fail to participate in prison Sandinista Defense Committee meetings, who neglect to read and comment favorably on the Sandinista newspaper, *Barricada*, who fail to respond to "re-education" campaigns within the prisons, or who refuse to report on other prisoners. Prisoners report being confined to small, dark "punishment" cells for

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up to three months or being denied food.

The Nicaraguan government recently told Amnesty International that about 200 Sandinista officials were serving sentences for human rights abuses. Of the cases reviewed by the International League for Human Rights, those punished by authorities were found guilty of murdering, raping, or assaulting persons in the street. To the League's knowledge, no one has been able to verify whether any official has been punished for directing beatings of prisoners, simulating executions or suffocation, threatening them with death, keeping them bound, isolating or abandoning them for prolonged periods, or depriving them of food, water, or sleep. The government apparently has not investigated the state security director, Lenin Cerna, who was clearly identified by Cisneros as personally administering torture. As director, Cerna establishes prison practice.

THE SANDINISTAS nevertheless are selective in the manner and degree of repression against dissidents. Well-known individuals or groups with strong international ties tend to be harassed with economic and administrative sanctions. In Nicaragua 85 percent of the population is Catholic, and the Church is the country's strongest and most enduring institution. All but a tiny fraction of the country's 320 priests are followers of the traditional Church and loyal to Cardinal Obando y Bravo. The Sandinistas have attempted to curtail his popularity by restricting his public appearances. In 1981 they banned the television broadcast of his Sunday mass. In the past several years censors have routinely excised statements by the cardinal or favorable reporting on him from the general media. Since last October, the archdiocese radio station, newspaper, social welfare office, and human rights group have been closed.

It is rare that prominent clerics are subjected to prison brutality. But in addition to the two recent cases of exile, over 50 priests have been temporarily detained, fingerprinted, and threatened; about 15 foreign priests, including some long-time Nicaraguan residents, have been deported; in breach of an agreement with the Church, 11 of 60 seminarians have been forcibly inducted into the Sandinista army; several priests have been physically assaulted by Sandinistas mobs, or *turbas*; and others have been defamed in apparent government attempts to undermine their moral authority.

And the Sandinistas have restricted the Church's pastoral work. Traditional clergy are prohibited from holding outdoor processions and masses. They are barred from ministering to prisoners and the military. Roadblocks have been erected to prevent people from attending services officiated by the cardinal. In 1985 all eight organizers of a welcoming ceremony for him in Chinandega were imprisoned in El Chipote for up to 17 days.

Similar measures have been taken against the press. *La Prensa*, which was the largest-circulation paper in Nicaragua, was the ninth publication that was forced to close. From the start of Sandinista rule, the paper labored under excessive censorship, and its employees were harassed by short-term arrests, *turba* attacks, and anonymous death threats. Economic and administrative regulations threatened to cause its financial collapse. Since 1979 the Sandinistas ordered three salary increases for *La Prensa* employees while prohibiting the paper from raising its price, despite Nicaragua's 200 percent inflation rate in 1985 alone. In June *La Prensa* accepted a grant from the U.S. government-funded National Endowment for Democracy, and the government used this as an excuse to close the paper.

AS FOR THE independent unions, the Sandinistas have seized their offices and tried to coerce members to switch to the Sandinista unions through firings, threats, and blackmail. They have withheld bank loans from independent agricultural groups and routinely given less food and essential commodity rations to independent union members. In 1981 they stripped all unions of their reason for existing. They banned strikes, collective bargaining, and collective action, including small private protests. Sandinista National Directorate member Bayardo Arce explained the Sandinista position on labor in the Costa Rican weekly *Rumbo Centro Americano*: "In Nicaragua, workers have learned to know and respect the revolutionary doctrine of work. . . . Now workers don't walk around thinking about asking for wage increases, nor asking for shorter hours, nor asking that they be paid this or that extra or that they get longer vacations. Now Nicaraguan workers support the philosophy of voluntary labor, like true revolutionaries."

Finally, Nicaraguan human rights activists have not been overlooked. Since 1983 seven attorneys who defended political prisoners have been jailed or forced into exile. The founding directors of the Permanent Commission of Human Rights, the Moravian Church's Legal Aid Office, and the Catholic Church's own human rights group have all fled the country after receiving government threats. In February 1981 the Sandinistas closed the Permanent Commission. They allowed it to reopen, with restrictions, after strong international protest.

There is no question that by now the Sandinistas have severely restricted basic civil liberties. As the Organization of American States' Inter-American Commission on Human Rights concluded in 1985: "There is no atmosphere of respect and tolerance for persons who profess other than official beliefs and ideologies." Nevertheless, the Sandinistas have proved to be susceptible to certain kinds of political pressures from the outside world. When I was in Nicaragua, several prisoners, including the assistant director of the CTN, who had just been sentenced to 11 years as a "counterrevolutionary," were released at the request of former President Jimmy Carter. Foreign human rights groups are welcome in Nicaragua, and the government frequently makes concessions upon their appeals. The human rights community should be the first to recognize—and use—this influence. □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Promises, Promises

Nothing in Common
(Tri-Star)
Summer
(Orion Classics)

Two puzzlers.

Nothing in Common was presumably meant to be a comedy-drama about re-education in values, but it ends with confusion about the way the values were transformed. More, sentimentalities leak into what was supposed to be candor.

Tom Hanks plays a breezy young Chicago advertising hotshot, successful in boardroom and bedroom. He is in the latter one night, accompanied, when his father, Jackie Gleason, telephones to say that his wife has just left him. Hanks's mother, Eva Marie Saint, after 30-plus years of marriage, has taken an apartment of her own.

The juxtaposition is promising. Hanks, living a life of quips and quick pickups, of smart restaurants and smart business judgments, is suddenly forced to deal with the lives of dowdy parents whom he hasn't been seeing much and hasn't really liked much. His father resents having to call him for some kind of comfort—Gleason doesn't even know what kind. Hanks reciprocates the resentment. The mother, sweeter, is also duller. Still, his parents' troubles, especially his father's, tug at Hanks so that he gets involved with them more than he ever has been as an adult. While he is dashing from high-voltage conferences to high-voltage women, while he is cutting his way through his office with smart cracks like Douglas Fairbanks cutting his way through pirates with a rapier, pa and ma are on his mind.

What we are supposed to be seeing, I think, is a realignment of standards. But the authors, Rick Podell and Michael Preminger, have muddied matters. In an attempt to de-sentimentalize their story, to give it irony, they end by working their way to basic syrup. The anti-sentimental move was apparently to make Gleason's role anything but lovable. The father is a self-centered, shallow-minded, bloated, grumpy, low-level salesman nearing the end of his selling career, a fact he refuses to face, as his health fails, which he also refuses to face. Possibly there's supposed to be an irony in the fact that he is a 30-year-older—in age and era—version of his son, a self-centered hedonist himself; but that irony is lost because neither of them really reacts to their basic similarity. Further, by refusing the father one shred of appealing quality, the authors make him a construct, not a man; and they make Hanks's insistence on caring about him more a function of guilt than of rekindled emotion. Gleason has ignored his illness, diabetes, for so long that he is near blindness and his feet are getting gangrenous. Hanks rushes him to a hospital and is told that surgery is imperative the next day. Hanks is supposed to go to New York the next day to clinch a big airline account. He refuses so that he can be with his father, and when the unconscious Gleason is brought from surgery Hanks sobs on his chest. Since absolutely nothing about the father has earned this emotion, Podell and Preminger at last, despite their truth telling, are relying on vulgar generalities. "After all, he *is* my father" is the unspoken bottom line, but this banality is a long way from the readjustments that are supposed to have occurred in Hanks. As he pushes his father's wheelchair at the end, the old man says: "You're the last person I ever thought would come through for me." We think so, too. It's a willed affirmation.

And more is willed. For refusing to go to New York on the surgery day, Hanks is fired by his client, the airline president. Big drama. Later, after this climactic scene, Hanks's own boss tells him in one throwaway line that he has squared matters with the airline man. Snap tie-up of big drama. All through the film, Hanks plays the sexual field, which includes a former girlfriend—a teacher of avant-garde theater—who won't readmit him into her life. At the end she joins him in his hospital vigil, and we feel that Gleason's operation is going to bring this young couple together again, too. Why?

Podell and Preminger can write witty dialogue, and they have done their best to range wide in settings—from an avant-garde acting class to a horse-breeding room on the airline president's farm. They also explore borders of frankness by having the parents, especially Gleason, talk to their son about their sex lives. Garry Marshall directs like a member of the Young Directors of the 1980s Club—smooth, competent, featureless—a club that includes Marshall Brickman (*The Manhattan Project*), Edward Zwick (*"About Last Night . . ."*), and Allan Burns (*Just Between Friends*), among others.

Eva Marie Saint does what she can to give the mother understated pathos, but whatever the woman's faults, all we can wonder about is why she took so long to leave her porcine husband. Gleason has been rapped by some for his performance. This, I think, is the amateur fault of confusing role and actor. Long ago

FILMS WORTH SEEING

"About Last Night . . ." David Mamet's *Sexual Perversity in Chicago* becomes Cinematic Perversity in Hollywood. But the salty, sexy result has some brightness and fun. (Reviewed 8/4/86)

Heartburn. Meryl Streep, bubbling, and Jack Nicholson, burbling, in a comedy-drama about a yuppie marriage that flops. Mike Nichols gets the most out of it in pace and satire, even though it's air pudding. (7/28/86)

A Room with a View. Except for the Lucy, an excellent cast and lush camera work go some way toward giving Forster's novel another kind of life. (3/24/86)

Vagabond. Fine. An 18-year-old girl, intelligent and aimless, wanders the roads of southern France, going nowhere and getting there. Deeply disturbing performance by Sandrine Bonnaire, excellent script and direction by Agnès Varda. (6/2/86)

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Gleason proved that he is more than a good comic, he is a good actor; here he plays an abrasive man so well that he gets bad reviews. Hector Elizondo is a clever actor, but he is not credible as Hanks's boss, head of a powerful ad agency. Hanks is extraordinarily taking and deft, with a keen sense of timing, and is moving when he is asked to be.

The trouble is, we never quite understand why he is so moved. *Nothing in Common* is a jigsaw puzzle with several parts missing at the end, parts that would explain why the puzzle was worth assembling.

Eric Rohmer's new film is a different kind of puzzle. *Summer*, the latest in his new series called *Comedies and Proverbs*, was presumably intended to have some spiritual resonance. This intention is true of all his films, and some of them accomplish it well. Not here.

Summer, unlike the American films cited above, is the work of a distinctive and admirable stylist. (Its only visual fault is the graininess of some shots—it was made in 16mm, then blown up.) Rohmer has a unique sense of composition, always implicative, and a way of gently pressing on a scene until he gets what he wants from it. For instance, at the start, two young women are chatting at an office desk when the telephone rings. One of them answers and calls a third young woman, Marie Rivière, to the phone. The two other women (of no importance to the story as we learn) remain in the shot, conversing, while Rivière hears a friend tell her that vacation plans have changed. She is ditched. Her boyfriend has also ditched her. She then walks offscreen. By holding it all in one shot, without any cuts, Rohmer gives us the feeling that a segment of life has been generated and that one of the elements in that segment, Rivière, has been selected for our attention because her peregrinations will reward.

But they don't. The film is laden with portentous trappings. Each sequence is dated—Monday July 2, Tuesday July 3, and so on—to little point. Many of the scenes—Rivière seated with some friends at a picnic table, Rivière visiting a friend's family in Cherbourg—seem to be done with improvised dialogue and are in themselves interesting, but again to little point. The story is inane. Rivière is left without vacation plans. She tries one place, then another, goes to the Alps and without even unpacking returns at once. She cries when alone, sometimes when not alone. Friends try to arrange dates with other men to replace the lost boyfriend. She can't respond; she even runs away. At last, in Biarritz, she meets Mr. Right. Together they go to Saint-Jean-de-Luz, and there they witness the green ray—the rare sunset phenomenon that Jules Verne describes in a novel and that is the film's symbol—and they know they were made for each other.

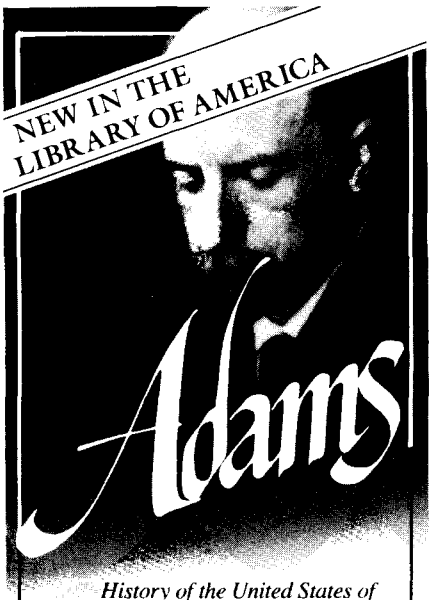
Rivière plays it neurotically well, a wounded woman, fractured in confidence. But underneath the good acting and the good direction is dime-store-romance travail, concluded with an arbitrary happy ending. A jilted woman flounders around all summer until, a figurative split-second before her vacation is over, she meets someone she likes. Rohmer handles this piffle as if he were doing another *My Night at Maud's* or *Claire's Knee*. Again a final puzzle: How could he have been so misled?

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

An Existential Ballet

Some of the most interesting theater of the year is likely to be seen in the summer, when the various local and European festivals mine the gold nuggets of international stage activity and sluice them into a showcase. This summer, for example, PepsiCo Summerfare in Purchase—also producing a rich variety of dance, opera, concert, and film offerings—has had the good sense, in theater, to bring Liviu Ciulei's striking *Midsummer Night's Dream* from Minneapolis, and to invite the Cracow Stary Theatre production of Dostoyevsky's *Crime and Punishment*.

The Stary Theatre arrived late when it couldn't obtain the required visas in time for the scheduled opening. The Immigration and Naturalization Service



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had determined that this distinguished Polish company was not of sufficient importance to enter our shores. (Another Polish group was denied entrance to Cambridge when the same department concluded that, because the company wanted to play in a church, it couldn't possibly be a serious theatrical enterprise.) Well, one is loath to discourage government bureaucrats from trying their hand at drama criticism, but before expressing their aesthetic judgments they might do well to take a short course in theater history. They might learn there that Western theater *began* in a church, and that the Stary Theatre is one of the finest theater ensembles in the world.

ALL ENDED well, after a fibrous letter campaign helped open our golden doors to both these alien companies, and we had the privilege of seeing Andrzej Wajda stage another production in the United States. Wajda had previously directed two plays with my own company—*The Possessed* in 1974 and Tadeusz Rozewicz's *White Marriage* in 1977—after I had had the opportunity to see his *Possessed* during a visit by the Stary Theatre to the London World Theatre Festival in 1973. At that time, Wajda had demonstrated an unusual feeling for Dostoyevsky and a remarkable capacity to condense and compress his narrative for the stage. Wajda is one of those directors who move easily between film and theater, often using the same actors in both media. He is, in fact, presently preparing a movie version of his *Possessed* for Gaumont Pictures.

In between films, Wajda has been developing his Dostoyevsky cycle, first with a two-character version of *The Idiot* (not yet seen in this country) and now with *Crime and Punishment*. *Crime and Punishment* is experiencing something of a vogue in theater these days. The dissident Russian director Yuri Lyubimov did a celebrated production at his Taganka theater in Moscow and then, after defecting to the West, staged it again two years ago in London. (He is coming to the Arena Stage this fall to direct the play in Washington.) Wajda's version has been stripped down to its essential elements—skeletal, pointed, concise. It employs about nine actors playing a variety of parts, but it seems to focus in on only three characters: Raskolnikov, Porfiry, and Sonia.

Even Sonia could be expendable. The production is actually a mating dance between an investigator and his quarry, between pursuer and pursued. Structured in 14 scenes, all of which take place after the ax murder of the two women, the play subordinates external events and physical action to concentrate on the religious-psychological agony of people in extreme circumstances. As played by Jerry Radziwilowicz, Raskolnikov, from the first moment we see him, is in a state of what the author calls "brain fever." Sporting a two-day beard and steel glasses, dressed in clothes that seem to be peeling off his body, legs bent, hands gnarled, the actor is sometimes hysterical, more often wired. He walks, toes first, as if on cotton, moving in circles and figure eights, or along the wall, his body shaped into a question mark of pain. In *The Possessed*, Wajda began with Stavrogin rattling off his confession at a breakneck pace, with the mud floor of the set caking on his trousers, as if the earth were preparing to swallow him up. In *Crime and Punishment*, Raskolnikov wanders through the action on the edge of madness, wearing a smile that is all teeth and no joy, his mouth moving in silent speech.

FROM THE very beginning, he is presumed to be guilty. Wajda is more interested in the moral crisis of the character than in his narrative, or even in his motives. Porfiry knows about Raskolnikov's article in the *Periodical Review*, where he argued for the rights of extraordinary men to commit crimes and breaches of the law. These Nietzschean impulses are fully explored in the play. "I wanted to be Napoleon, that is why I killed her," Raskolnikov tells Sonia. "I simply did it. I did the murder for myself. . . . I wanted to find out whether I was a louse like everybody else—or a man. Whether I could step over moral barriers or not." And later, referring to the unnamed bureaucracy that could be the Nazi or Soviet extermination machine: "Where is my guilt compared to them? For they themselves kill millions, without any repercussions."

Still, Wajda remains less interested in the intellectual or historical implications of the gratuitous act than in its moral configurations—in how people behave in moments of crisis. In the first of his two scenes with Sonia, Raskolnikov begs her to tell him the story of Lazarus, desperately seeking the possibility of resurrection for himself. After he confesses his crime to her, she—her face shining, clear, enameled, almost transparent—hugs him, kisses his hand, and begs him to stand at the crossroads, kiss the earth, and proclaim his guilt, adding, "I will follow you everywhere." Shuddering with self-hatred, unable to understand her love for him, Raskolnikov climbs on top of her with the mordant rejoinder: "Welcome your guest."

But the real love affair is between the murderer and his hunter, Porfiry Petrovich. Brilliantly played by Jerzy Stuhr as a mournful, thoughtful humanist, slightly humped, continually bemused, he is a chain smoker who builds up ash on the end of his (filter!) cigarette at such length that it reinforces the suspense over when that other ash will fall. Porfiry moves in lovingly on Raskolnikov as if wooing him for a marriage. He is at once investigator, confessor, and moral conscience to an errant, recalcitrant friend. "Could you bring yourself to rob and murder?" he asks him at the first interview. "If I did," replies Raskolnikov, brushing his hand across Porfiry's vest, "I would certainly not tell you." Later, they have a moment of laughter together, Raskolnikov merely showing his teeth, Porfiry exploding in a hysterical fit that exposes his very glottis and ends in a fit of coughing. Striking Napoleonic poses, exercising his arms and shoulders, Porfiry circles his prey, mouthing affectionate phrases—"My dear Rodion Romanovich, my golden one"—while Raskolnikov squirms in his seat like a man whose insides are bursting out. He tells Raskolnikov how "attracted" he was to him when they first met, how "my heart was throbbing" when he decided to come. With Raskolnikov smiling in silence, Porfiry pokes him with his elbow, strokes his face, holds his hand, pats him, hugs him, exalts him, flatters him, even gets on his knees to plead for his confession.

BUT PORFIRY is not entirely a man of compassion. When the demented prisoner Mikolka, abstractedly touching the floor with his fingers, admits falsely to the murder, he falls into a rage and kicks him brutally. And he goads Raskolnikov into telling the truth not by wheedling or cajoling but with disdainful gibes: "You made up a theory and were ashamed when it broke down," Porfiry jeers, warning him not to commit suicide without leaving behind a "brief but precise note." At the end, he disappears altogether. Raskolnikov confesses tonelessly to Porfiry's clerk, "It was I who killed the old pawnbroker and her

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sister Lisaveta with an ax and robbed them," while the clerk shows the material evidence to the audience (sitting on wooden benches), as if they were members of a jury.

Krystyna Zachwatowicz's design for *Crime and Punishment* is as fragmentary and as powerful as the production—a series of blistered wooden slats and moldings, cobbled together to form a skeleton of shattered rooms and windows. The design features a pretense of decoration—a photograph of the czar, framed like a legal document, an odd piece of lace in one of the windows, a flowerpot, a desk covered in green pool-table felt, a bruised tin cylinder for a lamp. We look through doors as if to eavesdrop on the action, or watch the slats change for another perspective on a room. It is a complete world, parallel to our own, yet minimal, bare, and demented. And it collapses entirely when this existential ballet comes to an end, with a clerk presenting evidence and the murderer washing his hands and the ax with soap: "No trace of blood on it. No trace. No trace."

The music and the mission of Glenn Gould.

THE PILGRIM PIANIST

BY SANFORD SCHWARTZ

AS A WRITER, Glenn Gould cloaks his thoughts with a chipper, jokey superiority, and it's upsetting and disheartening. *The Glenn Gould Reader*, edited by Tim Page, is a hefty collection of 25 years of record liner articles, interviews, book reviews, humor pieces, autobiographical sketches, and essays on concertgoing and on listening to recordings. It is impressive in many ways. Gould, the Canadian pianist, who died in 1982 at 50, turns out to have been a first-rate humorist and a polished (though sometimes wordy and highfalutin) essayist. But as a thinker and writer he pulls back from delivering exactly the qualities he delivered as a performer: his gravity and heat, his tension and sense of yearning—and his bite.

In the late '50s and '60s, when he was becoming world-renowned, Glenn Gould made people excited about classical music who normally might not have been—young people especially—because, like certain actors, he was all bite. He took the tinkling, antiquarian sound (and the lush, soupy sound) away from Bach and brought out the big, clean, mesmerizing rhythms. His many Bach albums—the "Goldberg Variations," the "Well-Tempered Clavier," and the "Partitas" especially—had real vroom and a barreling beat. When he took off on the fast passages, there were pennants flying in the wind. He seemed to play fast for the sake of speed itself. His Bach was good background music for driving.

Emphasizing the clarity and the firmness of each note—one didn't think of him as especially graceful—Gould was a kind of musical minimalist. He made piano notes sound like church bells pealing with a taut, rapid-fire action, like bells without reverberations. Gould didn't play as a custodian of the past, as it seemed other musicians did; he questioned it. A listener felt that Gould was in conversation with the composer. Gould didn't take the man's genius for granted.

When he played composers later in date than Bach—Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven—he could be too questioning, and the results weren't so satisfying. If you came to these records out of your love for Gould's Bach (and if, like me, you found Baroque music in general more exciting), your response wasn't "Boy, he's mangling Mozart," it was "This music won't let him fly—or be pageantlike or sonorous enough; it has too much of its own set story to tell." It wasn't necessary to know the more conventional ways of playing Mozart or Beethoven solo piano music to sense a thwartedness in some of these performances.

Gould gave classical music a new intensity, and he himself was a more contemporary figure than most classical music performers. (There's a lot of vivid biographical material on him in two recent books: *Glenn Gould Variations*, which is made up mostly of memoirs and tributes by friends, including Bernstein and Menuhin; and Jonathan Cott's *Conversations with Glenn Gould*.) When Gould became internationally prominent (he was in his early 20s) he was an awkward, gangling kid, and he was also extraordinarily handsome. Part of the incredible success of his 1955 debut album, the "Goldberg Variations"—one of the industry's best-selling classical music discs—was due to Dan Weiner's album jacket photos, which showed Gould in different stages of recording. With his high cheekbones and long brown hair, he was a budding matinee idol. He was simultaneously imperious and hounded. Everything about his onstage and offstage manner said that he was oblivious of the public, or wanted to be. His conceptions were polished and resolved, but his performing was raw, skinless. Rapt, humming or singing as he played (he wished he could stop this, but it was impossible), conducting whenever a hand was free, he made his audiences feel as if they were intruding on someone living out a story created by the rhythms.

Gould's widely reported eccentricities were essentially by-products of that desire to be privately connected with the music. He had a well-known fear of catching cold, and dressed in layers of clothes in all seasons. He'd appear with a sweater poking out under his dress shirt, he'd take off mittens to reveal gloves un-

The Glenn Gould Reader
edited by Tim Page
(Knopf, 441 pp., $20)

Glenn Gould Variations: By Himself & His Friends
edited by John McGreevy
(Morrow, 320 pp., $12.95)

Conversations with Glenn Gould
by Jonathan Cott
(Little, Brown, 160 pp., $15.95, $7.70 paper)

Sanford Schwartz is the author of *The Art Presence* (Horizon Press).

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derneath, and sometimes he played wearing mittens with cut-off ends. On occasion he'd take off his shoes when he played and, to guard against the cold, lay out a piece of Oriental carpet under him. He was notoriously finicky about the pianos he played. On the road, his (never quite fulfilled) quest was to find ones that matched the light, twanglike sound of his piano at home. He preferred to play from an unusually low vantage point—from about 14 inches off the ground (most pianists play from 20). As a kid he played sitting on a folding chair, and when he was older his father sawed off the legs of the chair and fixed them with adjustable ends so Gould could take the chair with him wherever he performed and get the right relationship to every piano he played. (He used this chair all his life.) Gould added to the living-room effect he created onstage by sometimes bringing along a jug of water and a bunch of pills, which he set out where they'd be handy, and occasionally a magazine, too, so that, during the performance of a concerto, say, when he wasn't playing, he'd have something to do.

Though he received rave reviews from the beginning, and most of his colleagues were fascinated by his approaches and awed by his technique, Gould was clearly a disruptive character—as an interpreter and as a personality. During his concert career (which ended in 1964—he concentrated after that on recording), stories proliferated about his not getting along with conductors. The feuds were often exaggerated, but Gould's public couldn't help seeing him as a rebel. (In pictures of him in *Variations*, where he waits during a pause in a recording session, or reads at the piano, he's reminiscent of the surly young Brando.)

The *Reader* shows that Gould consciously worked at not being a rebel. There is a backbone to this collection. Gould hated egoism and confrontations of all kinds—in music, the music world, the larger world—and no one can take issue with that. But if you know his coiled, passionate playing, you may find his thinking willful, unreal; you hear a man who is determined to deny the most urgent part of himself. The volume, which adds up to a great artist's saying that he doesn't want to be an artist, unintentionally leaves a tragic note.

The *Reader*, of course, is more than a document of a self-deluding man. For funny one-liners alone, it's on a par with *Debussy on Music* (though Debussy's quips are invariably barbed). There are brilliant moments, when Gould proposes some delicious farfetched nonsense, or speaks in ziss or zatt axzent. Two of his humor pieces—a parody of Arthur Rubinstein's autobiography and an account of an imaginary conference of music critics held in the Alaskan wilds—are in a class with Thurber, Woody Allen, Veronica Geng. (Two of the critics are named Alain Pauvre and H. B. Haggle.) And in his occasional book reviews or pieces on pop music, Gould is a wonderful critic. His reviews of Joan Peyser's Boulez biography and Streisand's *Classical Barbra* album are especially good. Analyzing Peyser's words, he shows how she may be more influenced by Boulez and more ambivalent about him than she knows. Gould's piece on Streisand, though chatty and informal—he adores her—is a full guide to her talent. Actually, Gould's unequivocal endorsements of all kinds of performances make you want to hear them. And whether he talks about classical music or pop, he never fudges his opinions. He has a firm set of heroes (Schoenberg, Stokowski, Bach, Streisand, and Richard Strauss are some); also-rans for whom he yet has sympathy (Mendelssohn, Scarlatti); figures he clearly has mixed feelings about (Mozart, Beethoven); and men to whom he wouldn't give the time of day (Chopin, Stravinsky, Bartók, the Beatles).

GLENN GOULD WITH HIS DOG NICKY, 1949 (THE NATIONAL LIBRARY OF CANADA)

The first half of the book, which is about individual classical music composers and works, is more tantalizing than solid. There is one fine passage in which he says that Mussorgsky's "lack of formal concentration tends to absent the rhetorical instinct from his music and to give us a curious and almost unique sense of honesty. He is like a person who ceases to talk the moment he has nothing further to say." In most of these pieces, though, Gould becomes analytical at the clinching moment. If you are a musicologist, you may find it interesting. If you are not, you may feel abandoned because, with his cracks and asides on literature, TV, and politics, Gould seems to write with the man in the street in mind. On Richard Strauss, for example, he says exactly what he thinks, but he leaves the airiest sense of Strauss himself. Gould quotes a piece by Paul Rosenfeld on the composer, written in 1920, and it's like coming into a warm room after being out in the cold for hours. Rosenfeld doesn't like Strauss, but in a few sentences he makes the man and his work

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more vivid than Gould has in pages.

Gould is more concrete when he writes about a person or an issue in a theoretical way. As a theorist, he is a combination of mystic, futurist, and the take-charge leader of a boy's adventure story. He's like a hip Mountie, and you may find yourself drawn to him even while being uncertain about his ideas. His articles send out a call to individuality. He wants people to do what they want regardless of what "everyone out there" says to do or think. Yet he also believes that we overrate the artist who challenges his audience and changes the course of his art form. We overvalue, he says, innovation and newness for themselves. He calls Richard Strauss the greatest figure in 20th-century music in part because the composer had the courage to turn his back on the challenging music of his time. Strauss, he says, produced his finest work when, in his old age, he wrote in a style that was more than 50 years out of date and was considered irrelevant to the "evolution" of music. Gould praises Petula Clark in a 1967 article partly because, while teenage girls identify with her, she makes the worthiest citizens of the community feel comfortable, too. He likes the way her lyrics are "self-indulgent" and "aggressive," and yet her scores, which he calls "hymnal, upright, and relentlessly diatonic," neutralize the words.

GOULD WAS the foremost pianist to leave the concert stage, to work only in recording studios, and he's an astute critic when he writes about live music versus recordings. He believes that concerts are imprisoning for everybody concerned: they dry up performers, they rouse in audiences a sadistic desire to see "who can do it best," and—this is his sharpest point—they automatically make concertgoers feel that they ought to appreciate whatever they're given. He believes that we hear and judge music more freely when it comes in the impersonal, anonymous form of recordings. He happily foresees a future when concerts will die out, when technology will be such that the listener at home, at his control panel, will have the ability to splice together a section of a symphony interpreted by, say, Bruno Walter with another section of the same symphony interpreted by, say, Klemperer—and get an "ideal" performance. The implication is that eventually music won't be filtered through the egos of performers. Even composers will somehow become anon-

Newsweek hails

"A remarkable tapestry of life in China today"

AFTER THE NIGHTMARE

by Liang Heng and Judith Shapiro

Authors of SON OF THE REVOLUTION

When Liang Heng and his American wife, Judith Shapiro, left China in 1981 and wrote *Son of the Revolution*—the widely acclaimed story of Liang's growing up in the nightmare of the Cultural Revolution—it seemed unlikely that they would ever be able to return. But in 1985 they did go back—traveling across China, talking with hundreds of Chinese, from Liang's own parents to peasants, filmmakers, and government planners. This extraordinary book is the result: a revelation of what it is really like to live in China today.

"The best account published so far of what the changes [Deng Xiaoping's reforms since the Cultural Revolution] mean for ordinary Chinese." —Dori Jones Yang, Business Week

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"In the winter of 1985 Liang and Shapiro went back [to China] for an extensive tour of Peking, Shanghai and Canton, for visits to distant rural areas from which they were supposedly forbidden, for conversations with Chinese at almost every level of society. What they found, as described in *After the Nightmare*, can only be described as extraordinary" —Jonathan Yardley

"Penetrating, vivid, compelling" says The N. Y. Times Book Review

"They talked to a fascinating array of people...Their vivid account of their remarkable journey across the face of China...provides not only a moving catalogue of victims 'sacrificed on the altar of Mao's revolution' but also a compelling glimpse of the society that is being rebuilt out of the ashes of the Cultural Revolution...A penetrating book." —Carolyn Wakeman

"Closely observed and beautifully written." —Arthur Waldron, Wall Street Journal

"One of the best books on the new China, written by two sensitive and literate observers." —Kirkus Reviews

"Insightful, informative, and balanced." —Merle Goldman, The New Republic

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Just published by Knopf

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ymous. It will just be a flow of recorded music, with no values, theories, dates, or personalities attached. The listener at his control panel, he says, will be the real artist.

What is striking about Gould's belief in this faceless future is less the belief itself than the way it seems to grow out of his taste for music (such as Bach's) that, in a sense, has no "heroes." This taste, in turn, appears to have developed from a very physical response to sound. Gould knew how to read music at three (at five he was making up his own tunes—his mother was an amateur pianist) and his precociousness may explain why his theories can make you heady and, at the same time, can have a childlike simplicity. You believe that he had a sense of the right and the wrong way to do things long before most kids do, that his convictions were based purely on the relationships between sounds. This is an oversimplification, but I think that when he heard highly structured music, such as Bach's, in which a self-contained pattern is spun out, in which one "voice" holds the next in check, and in which both hands have equally important parts to play, he was given a sense of comfort and closeness. But when, say, he heard Beethoven and, to a greater degree, the romantic composers (whom he couldn't abide) and any music that doesn't have a weblike unity, he felt that the piano was needlessly put in exposed, precarious positions. It was made to fight battles, to brood majestically, and finally to come to a state of noble resignation—and the whole drama, as Gould saw it, was phony.

GOULD'S IDEAS make you hear his performances and other pianists' work—and music in general—more keenly. You understand why he sweated out Mozart, why he, in effect, keeps saying to Mozart—in a mixture of anger, frustration, indifference, and concern—"Look, a lot of your prettiness is window dressing. There's no inherent structural need for much of this stuff." You see why Gould played Bach and the Elizabethans William Byrd and Orlando Gibbons (his favorite composer) with such enthusiasm and tenderness; it is as though knowing that their music was structurally undramatic, he felt free to play it dramatically. It makes sense that, in his performances of piano concertos, he tended to minimize the piano's traditional sound—that of a suave baron, a tormented loner, or an embattled hero—and instead made the instrument into a frisky friend, or the guiding partner, of the orchestra. It's understandable why in his few recordings of chamber music (such as the Bach albums he made with Leonard Rose and Jaime Laredo), or when he played as accompanist for a singer, he produced such an unusually delicate and courteous sound—he was determined not to overwhelm.

Gould believed that music in which voices overlap was a symbol of the right way to live, and this belief took over his life. He turned his interviews into duets for voices by making his interviewers feel at ease and at their best with him, and logically, he wrote interviews with himself. Hearing himself speak in the voices, and with the attitudes, of different stock types, he sometimes wrote, or spoke on the radio (or, as friends describe it in memoirs, called on the phone) as, say, a nattering old Brit, or a zealous Teutonic pedant, or a '50s Beat pianist who's like, hip to the scene but, like, uh, you know, a slob. Gould made a number of radio documentaries for the CBC—they are portraits of musicians or about living in rural outposts—and most are really fugues for voices and sounds.

BUT THERE is another story in the *Reader*, one that is inferred. I heard someone concocting an elaborate myth for himself. I had the image of a child who is born with a great gift—an unthinking command of the keyboard, an effortless ability to read and feel music—and who is as mystified and troubled by this gift as he is proud of it. Looked at in one way, Gould's story is about the burdens that a prodigy may feel and the way he comes to live with his genius. It is a story about a person who, never believing that he has earned his universally admired power, first begins to deny that it means much, then to sabotage the system that supports it, and finally to envision a world in which such a superstar can be erased.

It wasn't only being a prodigy that seemed to weigh on Gould, though. It was being a prodigy in Canada. When he graduated from the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto, at 13, he was the youngest graduate in the school's history. Before he was 20 he had toured throughout the country and made radio broadcasts with the CBC, and at 24 he was the first Canadian musician to perform in Russia. He clearly felt he had an obligation to his country. He hints at it continually. He admires Petula Clark and Menuhin because, as he sees them, they're reassuring to the widest audience. And in his Menuhin profile (not a high point—it's sanctimonious) Gould suggests how much the spirit of public service meant to him as a pianist. In a (non-gooey) preamble, he presents his grandmother, who was an amateur musician. She lived in rural Canada, where, in the early part of the century, "it was considered no asset at all to be an artist." She found a way to justify her feeling for music, though. When she played "those indefatigable anthem composers of the English Victorian tradition" on her reed organ, she was "convinced that with each scrupulous avoidance of parallel fifths the devil was given his comeuppance." She boasted about having to travel miles to hear Paderewski because he used his art as "an instrument of salvation." He was a "missionary advocate." Gould says that his grandmother surely would have admired Menuhin, but he makes it seem as if any musician would want to use his art as "an instrument of salvation."

There's no question that Gould wanted to be a "missionary advocate" himself. You can feel, though, that in wanting it he was also making amends for his talent. He seems to be playing the part of a good boy when he talks about serving the community, and despite the cheeky assurance in his writing, there's a good boy's damper on it.

THAT MIXTURE of cockiness and restraint is in his repertoire and his playing, too. He frequently recorded works that shift quickly back and forth between the high-flying and the sorrowful, and though it doesn't sum up his range, he often conveys the state of a man who is alternately elated and under some kind of gun. In a photo of him, taken when he was 15, you believe you can actually see Gould's desire both to undermine himself and to be proper. In a suit and tie, he's seated before a piano with his pet English setter, Nicky, beside him on the bench. Nicky's paws and Gould's fingers are on the keys. Nicky looks toward the piano with what appears to be real interest, while Gould, his head turned to the side, seems perturbed and a touch superior. The picture is merely a teenager's jokey stunt (which Gould himself may have cooked up). Taken literally, though, it is a picture of a kid who's making a fool of himself and nobly sticking with this silly performance, too; who, with that determined and faraway

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Parents League of the United States
1220 L Street, N.W. Suite 425
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An Open Letter to Parents From Parents

Think of five children you know. One will become the victim of child abuse. That's a fact we are trying to change.

About one in five children are sexually abused...typically not once but repeatedly over a period of months or years. The abuser is likely to be someone known and trusted by the child. No more than one quarter of such incidents are even reported to authorities. Conviction rates are very very low, so those who abuse children do it again and again. The scars of abuse last a lifetime.

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The Parents League of the United States (PLUS) is a national nonprofit foundation formed by parents to prevent the spread of child abuse. PLUS has a vital and ambitious agenda:

– Educating parents, children and child care providers about everything they can do to prevent child abuse.

– Working to establish legal requirements for recordkeeping and screening so that known child abusers don't have repeated opportunities to perpetrate their horrors.

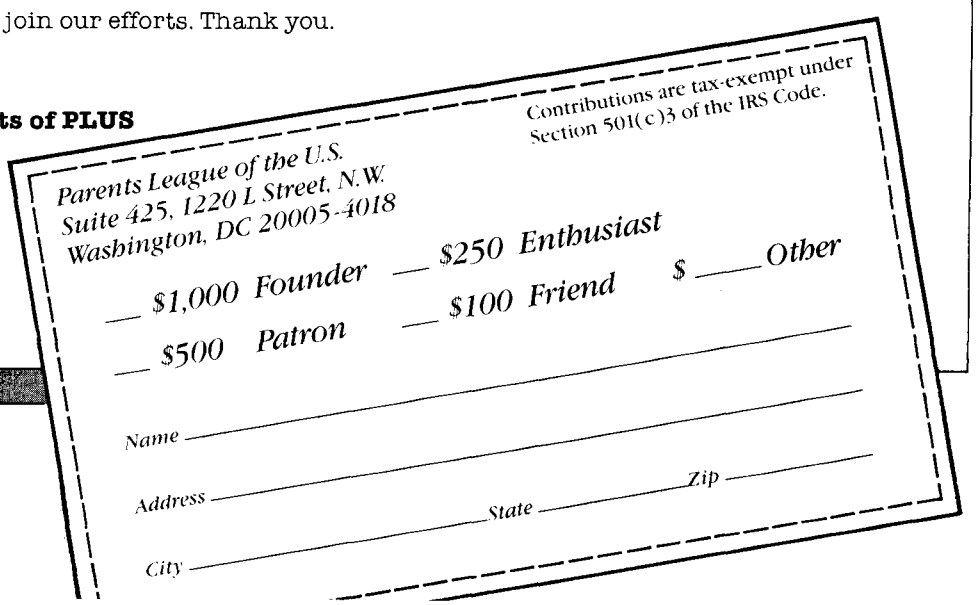
– Supporting precedent-setting legal challenges to ensure that the rights of parents and children are protected.

– Sponsoring vital research on child abuse and its effects.

– Creating support groups for parents of abused children.

Please join our efforts. Thank you.

The Parents of PLUS



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look in his eyes, seems to be thinking about the course laid out before him.

Gould must have believed that his missionary work began in 1964—he was 31—when he left the concert stage for good. His decision was based, of course, on real needs, and was no doubt the right one for him. He hated the concert circuit routine, and dreaded the necessary flying. (After 1964, he left Canada only when he went to New York for recording sessions and, after 1970, when he began recording in Toronto, he no longer had to leave the country.) Working out of a studio enabled him to keep his interpretations spontaneous. Even as a teenager, he was known for a phenomenal ability to learn compositions, but not from practicing. He rarely practiced; he generally absorbed music by reading scores. Ideally, he wanted to encounter a piece in the first few times he played it, and then not have to play it again. Performing only in a studio, he was able to come on a piece cold, try out different approaches, redo passages that were flat, splice together the passages that rhythmically fit together best—and leave it at that.

YET GOULD'S decision to leave the concert stage was as self-imprisoning as freeing. He was right to say that the live concert is an artificial leftover of the days when musicians were part of the retinue at court and that the concert circuit, which generally makes a performer repeat "concert favorites," drains him of his freshness. He hoped that his departure would say to his colleagues, in effect, "We don't have to be court lackeys any longer." Yet the allegiance to a higher calling that made him leave the stage also made him record music that he had no powerful interest in, or actually disliked. Talking to Tim Page about his project of recording all of Mozart's piano sonatas and the fact that, in doing so, he played many with which he had no rapport, he said, "The honest thing to do would have been to skip those works entirely, but the cycle had to be completed." So which performer is in more of a bind: the concert hall virtuoso who plays his or her signature piece for the 20th time, as an encore, or Gould, who plays, for the only time, and in a spirit of "well, this must be done," a composition that he barely respects?

But what's truly contradictory about Gould's quest for an anonymous, egoless performer's art is that the man was obsessed with himself. His many interviews and self-interviews (and his review of a biography of himself!) say so. He left the concert stage out of an honest desire not to be a star. Did he see how much more of a star—and a confrontational figure—he became as a nonconcert performer? He remained unusually accessible, especially to Canadians. He recorded music, wrote articles, and gave interviews at a steady clip. He wrote and starred in a movie documentary, *Glenn Gould's Toronto*, and gave occasional performances on radio and TV. He wrote and produced his own radio documentaries, and hosted radio shows, in which he talked to people about everything: sports, politics, music, religion, the stock market. Yet his giving himself to the public full time, through mechanical means, only emphasized that he was depriving the public of the real thing. Certainly his own existence was priestlike and deprived. He was known to live, apparently alone, as a recluse. He slept by day and worked by night, and remained in contact with people through phone calls (and developed friendships, over the phone, with people he never met).

GOULD BECAME what he consciously rejected: a Napoleonic creator, a man with little connection with his fellows. So it makes perfect upside-down sense that he would write so well about Arthur Rubinstein. Rubinstein is associated with everything Gould rejected: the romantic composers (particularly Chopin), the piano concerto form, encores. Rubinstein embodied the spirit of the concert; he was about giving pleasure to a live audience. Yet Gould, in his parody of the pianist's autobiography, recreated Rubinstein's temperament with a flowing ease. "Memories of Maude Harbour, or Variations on a Theme of Arthur Rubinstein" is the finest piece of writing Gould did. It's a self-contained story; it isn't necessary to know a thing about music to enjoy it.

Gould's Rubinstein is a blissful egomaniac who is as superb at Monopoly as he is at Scarlatti and with his patronesses (and believes it his duty to say so). He is at his height in those moments when, just before a concert begins, he can spot an angelic creature somewhere in the hall and, with a devastating wisp of a glance, dedicate his performance—his life—to her. Gould finds one funny and fresh way after another to describe self-infatuation and, too, the trials of performing in the sticks. (One trial is a well-meaning toe-tapper in the front row.)

"Maude Harbour" is preceded by an interview Gould did with Rubinstein years earlier, and it is the most satisfying of all of Gould's interviews and of the pieces he did about himself and an older musician. Gould's interviews are always lively, but Gould himself is generally the subject, and he steers the interviews so everything stays amiable. Rubinstein, however, talks back. He is as much of a manipulator as Gould. In a gentle and courtly way, he draws Gould out of his shell. Gould becomes less a smooth, self-contained eccentric-genius than a man with a firm faith in his theories.

Rubinstein recalls the time when, in Toronto, playing despite a fever, he thought he got the better of Gould. "You would have canceled the concert, wouldn't you?" Rubinstein asks. "Ah, well, Maestro," Gould replies, "I'm not sure, actually. I suppose that I . . ." And Rubinstein breaks in: "Of course you would have . . . I see it in your eyes." Rubinstein also sees how much they have in common. He talks about the power a soloist can feel when he walks out on stage, how thrilling it can be to take hundreds of people, many of whom are thinking about anything but music, and then "play one note and hold it out for a minute—they will listen like they are in your hand . . . and this emanation cannot be done by a record." Gould, in turn, describes how the only thing that counts in the end is the record, and Rubinstein says, "You begin to persuade me." Though he wonders whether, regardless of their theories, they aren't both after the same desire to transform people.

PERHAPS Gould and Rubinstein are so wonderful together because they brought a similar emotion to their playing. If Rubinstein's "voice" as a pianist is that of a worldly-wise, yet never jaded, lover, Gould's is that of an equally ardent, yet always would-be, lover. This spirit is in everything he did, but it is there most strongly when he plays certain late 19th- and early 20th-century music, which he called "postromantic." Though they have been admired, these discs have been treated as a sidelight to his career, perhaps because his interpretations aren't controversial and many of the works are little known. My favorites are Gould's performances of Brahms Intermezzi, Scriabin's Third Piano Sonata, Sibelius sonatines, Gould's own

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transcriptions of Wagner—from *Die Meistersinger* and *Götterdämmerung*—and Alban Berg's Opus 1. These pieces are quite different from each other, but as Gould plays them they have in common a hovering, swirling, trancelike movement. In a way, they're extensions of his Bach performances. With Bach, many distinct voices, or themes, keep each other in check. With this postromantic music, we keep hearing the suspended state of one voice.

Listening to these recordings, you understand why Gould was nuts about Streisand. He wrote that she makes the "torchiest lyric an intimate memoir" and that she is "consumed by nostalgia," and, especially in the Scriabin and in the "Dawn and Siegfried's Rhine Journey" section of the Wagner, he moves in and out of these same emotions. He creates the same kind of lean, driving sensuality, where the music is undulant and wanders into byways and yet never loses a taut, crystal clear outline. He fashions his performances the same way Streisand does many of hers: as if every note were a buildup to, and a leave-taking from, a single moment of crescendo and release.

THE 1977 Sibelius album may be Gould's most personal. He frequently experimented with odd and shifting placements of the mikes, and in this disc his experiments give the sound an atmospheric texture. In quick succession, occasionally even in the same piece, the music can sound as if it's coming from far away or extremely close up, and the piano's sometimes gurgling, echoing sound, plus the songlike and informal music itself, with its repeated phrases, its moments of dribbling off, and its surging returns, can make you feel as if you're in a summer house, hearing someone practicing from across a lake, or eavesdropping on someone playing for himself in a vast barnlike room.

The Sibelius pieces are more than background music, but part of what's memorable about this disc is the way it summons up so much of Scandinavian life, movies, art, and literature. In its suggestion that fond moments are being remembered and then abruptly turned away from, the music re-creates the tension associated with the too-short Nordic summer. It can make a listener think of the emotionally frozen heroes of Ibsen's late plays and of Munch's late self-portraits, where he presents his isolated old self; the music suggests the inner state of those men who, their life's work accomplished, sit looking out at water and distant islands.

By the time Gould died, a part of him had become, I think, such an emotionally frozen man. He seems to have wanted to live out his belief that the world would be a better place if art, as he says, were "phased out." Beginning in the mid-'60s, he sometimes appeared distant and disapproving on album jacket photos, as if to announce that he didn't want us to buy his records because he was his own glamorous selling point. In his last jacket photos, he seems impatient, angry at himself and at us, and his face and eyes look worn out. For a number of years, too, he had said that he would probably stop playing when he reached 50. He even said that he thought he wouldn't live beyond 50. And the spooky thing is that he died, of a stroke, days after that birthday.

Gould must have entertained the idea that after he stopped playing he would go on to other things. Shortly before his death, he conducted (though not before a live audience) a string ensemble in Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll." He apparently had no plans to give up radio work, and the 1980 "Maude Harbour" indicates that he was becoming a warmer writer. This is the first piece in which, prompted by Rubinstein, Gould brings some girls into his prose. That he may have felt his real work was done, though, comes out in the fact that he chose to rerecord the "Goldberg Variations." (The 1981 recording was the last released in his lifetime and the third to the last he made.) This is the work with which he is most associated; it was his first album. Playing it a second time—it is one of a handful he recorded twice—he appears to say that his career has come full circle. He also seems to say that he remained true to the "non-heroic" philosophy of the piece, which had been his philosophy. Bach's series of 30 variations begins and ends with the same aria; the work is a classic example of music that doesn't tell a story, that doesn't advance, that forms one big circle.

It's sad to think of Gould returning to the piece, and in a movie Bruno Monsaingeon made of him playing the work, we are taken aback by his appearance. He had aged in an unsettling way. When we see his face close up—especially when he's smiling and taking pleasure in presenting a thought—he is still a male beauty. Over the years, though, he had become rather heavy; not fat, exact-

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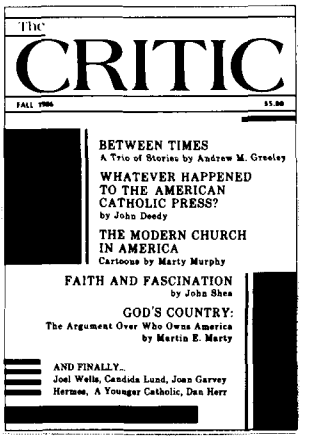

F E A T U R I N G

BETWEEN TIMES

a Trio of Stories

by Andrew M. Greeley

The new quarterly CRITIC begins its second year with a special issue featuring three stories of contemporary Catholic women by best-selling author Andrew M. Greeley; reflections on the stewardship of "God's country" by historian Martin E. Marty; faith encounters retold by theologian John Shea; some biting observations on the state of the Catholic press as only John Deedy can make them; plus the gleefully irreverent cartoons of Marty Murphy and a few wry musings on the electronic age by Joel Wells.

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ly, so much as bloated. In the movie, as he sways and bobs at the keyboard, he seems to have become, in his person, an image of his ideas. His clothes are gray, neutralized, nondescript. He's shapeless. The most defined part of him is his dark, heavy-rimmed glasses, and they make no sense, not only because he generally didn't wear glasses but because he isn't, after all, reading music; he usually played with his eyes closed. The glasses don't seem to be there to help him see out; they're more like the lid on a bottle that seals off what's in the bottle. Sitting on the chair that had been made for him in his boyhood, he appears to have become all torso and head. He has gone so far into a rhythm and a timing all his own that he is no longer of this world.

And he plays the Aria and the other slow passages of the "Variations" so slowly that on a first hearing it seems as though he has given the work a funereal cast. But what you take away is how physical, expansive, and witty this performance is. It isn't "better" than his earlier one. It is such a rethinking of the material that it is virtually another piece. The 1955 album is the work of a fearless 22-year-old giving a hot—and unshaded—performance. He presents each variation separately, with a pause before and after—they're so many gems—yet one crisp beat governs all of them, the fast and the slow. The 1981 performance doesn't have a unifying pulse. Gould's tone is unexpectedly silky, almost sumptuous, and he characterizes the variations (which he didn't do before). He emphasizes the special trait of each; he turns the piece into a gallery of cantering, prancing, elbowing personalities. He also edits many of the variations back to back, and plays them (I think) so the rhythms of one will mesh with the rhythms of the next. Much of the wit and beauty of the performance is in the wavelike and unpredictable way he moves along. There can be a tense little pause between two, or one will step up to—or plop down onto, or stream into—another.

It's debatable whether Gould became prematurely aged by his ideas. It is clear, though, at least in his second "Goldberg Variations" disc, that he became more pliant as a performer. He plays some of the variations faster than he played them in the earlier recording, but he never races. He always seems to have energy to spare. There's a softness and roundedness to his touch that he achieved in few other albums. He seems contented. Maybe Rubinstein was thinking of this Gould when he said, at the end of their interview, "We are going to meet with our ideas, you know. I can't say how that will happen, exactly, but remember my words: somewhere we will meet."

UNCERTAIN TRUMPETS

The Straw Giant
Triumph and Failure: America's Armed Forces
by Arthur T. Hadley

(Random House, 314 pp., $19.95)

America Can Win: The Case for Military Reform
by Gary Hart with William S. Lind

(Adler & Adler, 301 pp., $17.95)

A careful reader of George MacDonald Fraser's *Flashman* novels knows that the principal character, the arch-bully of *Tom Brown's School Days*, is introduced as the author of a number of works, including *The Case Against Army Reform*. Harry Flashman—sycophant, coward, cad—displays in these notional memoirs virtually every vice known to man except self-deception. It is no surprise that Flashman, the embodiment of the bounder in uniform, should stand in the path of military reform.

In civilian circles, these days, it is hard to oppose military reform without seeming a bit of a Flashman oneself. For more than five years now scores of civilian critics of the American armed forces, and some uniformed critics as well, have leveled a variety of charges against the services, accusations that suggest that the very security of the republic stands at risk. A decade of military mishaps, from the failure of the Iranian rescue mission to the division of Grenada between the Army and the Air Force on the one hand and the Navy and Marine Corps on the other, has convinced many observers that something is profoundly wrong. Their concerns (aired by James Fallows in his *National Defense*, for example, and by Edward N. Luttwak in *The Pentagon and the Art of War*, and in the pages of THE NEW REPUBLIC) have led to the Barry Goldwater Department of Defense Reorganization Act of 1986, which envisages some of the most substantial changes to the national command structure in 30 years.

Seven or eight years ago most military officers would have agreed that the armed forces were in a bad way, although perhaps they would have diagnosed the problem differently than their civilian counterparts do. Today, however, most officers will assure you with evident sincerity that they command the most dedicated and capable troops they have known; that their respective services have at their disposal the best weapons in the world; that interservice cooperation has never been better. Although a number of retired officers have called for various kinds of military reform, most active duty officers appear content with the way things are. In view of this odd discrepancy between the views of military men and civilian defense experts it is worth asking what, if anything, is wrong with the armed forces, before asking how precisely they might be reformed.

The best way—perhaps the only way—to know how well they are doing is to look at their record in action. Arthur Hadley begins *The Straw Giant* in just this fashion, looking at the failure of the Iranian rescue mission in 1980. He then proceeds to devote half of his book to the history of the postwar American defense establishment, tracing the evolution of the modern American armed forces and their failings up to and including the Vietnam War. He builds his case that our forces are in trouble from both firsthand and historical evidence. He diagnoses six problems: the Great Divorce, as he calls it, between the armed services and their society; the continuation and indeed worsening of interser-

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vice and intraservice rivalry; flawed organization; overemphasis on logistics as opposed to war-fighting; excessive centralized control of operational forces; and worst of all, KAFCA—Keeping the Able From Contributing to Action.

Hadley brings a warily affectionate familiarity with the American military to this book. He first saw combat in World War II as a draftee; he last saw it as a news correspondent in Vietnam. As his narrative and his digressions make clear, he knows the military establishment well, and thus he represents a breed of journalist that most officers believe no longer exists—someone who knows the military from the inside, who sympathizes with its members, who honors its values even as he exposes its failings. Hadley's experience and disposition produce some brilliant effects—his description of the different subcultures within the services, for example, or his character sketch of George C. Marshall, a man that Hadley, like so many of his contemporaries, revered in a way unimaginable today:

> I had seen such eyes only once before, when a man who had risked himself to save my life, turned to smile at me. When people who I think are serious ask me, "Why would anyone want to go into the armed services?" I try to tell them about Marshall's eyes.

Writing as he does for a lay audience, Hadley warns his readers of the complexities of military matters. He caps a discussion of the perils of high technology, for example, with an account of the dismal failure (which he witnessed) of the first attack helicopter experiments: "As I have flown in them since, I occasionally remember my incredulous reaction to that early, stricken, bazooka-firing whirlybird, a recollection that tempers my instinctive criticism of weapons that appear to be futuristic."

To his credit, however, Hadley does not let this sensible caution blunt the edge of his critique. He agrees with the Reagan administration officials who argue that the pay and spending increases of the last five years have improved the armed forces, but "when they say that this is the best Army and Air Force that the United States has ever fielded, they are talking nonsense." In a variety of ways he documents his assertion that our defense establishment, from the congressional committees that meddle with the most trivial details of matériel acquisition to the military leaders who insist that every operation, even Grenada, be an all-service show, has failed to deal with some fundamental problems. Although one might quibble with some of Hadley's discussion, he does provide a vivid and generally accurate picture of the American armed forces.

Hadley argues that the most pressing problem we face today is the healing of what he calls the Great Divorce between American society and its military. If a society does not send its most privileged and highly educated young people into the armed services—and we most certainly do not—it cannot expect to have a first-class military, no matter how patriotic and hardworking its volunteers. It is a fact, documented in scholarly surveys as well as by anecdotal evidence, that the smarter soldier makes a better soldier, no matter how seemingly menial his task. Equally important, in Hadley's view, a society in which most men have donned fatigues is more likely to avoid the extremes of both deference and dismissiveness that he detects in a generation of congressmen, journalists, and academics who know no more of barracks

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inspections and wet bivouacs, jammed machine guns and route marches than they have seen in the movies.

A grim urgency, as foreign to my generation as it is instinctive in his, informs Hadley's work:

> I was the first or second tank in the column that liberated a major concentration camp, Magdeburg. When I came round the corner of that pine forest lane and saw the human skeletons hanging from the barbed wire enclosing the camp, I thought, how barbarous of men to string up corpses. Then some of the skeletons moved slightly and I realized I was looking at the starved living. There was a horror beyond the horror of all the dying I had seen. I learned a lesson that day. There are worse events than battle.

MILITARY reform matters to Hadley because he accepts the occasional necessity of war. He does not doubt that the United States has enemies, and that it may be necessary to fight them—not merely to prepare to fight them, but to wage war against them.

Gary Hart and Bill Lind take a rather different point of view. "War is an anomaly," they write.

> It is, on the one hand, such an awful breakdown of order and civility that some resist even the thought of armament and defense. On the other hand, war is so often the expression of the noblest form of patriotism and sacrifice that it causes others to form an unhealthy preoccupation with the instruments of death and destruction.

Here, as elsewhere in *America Can Win*, Hart and Lind waver between pacifistic and romantic conceptions of war. They see it either as an awful negation of community or as an occasion for heroism and professional virtuosity, but they do not understand it as Hadley does—as a dirty means to occasionally necessary ends. They have avowedly written a book about preparing for war, not about waging it, for they believe that adequate defenses will deter an opponent and thereby obviate the need for fighting. And if we do not heed their self-described trumpet call, they say, we court disaster.

Gary Hart, erstwhile Democratic senator from Colorado and presidential candidate, and William S. Lind, his chief adviser on defense, have helped lead the five-year-old military reform movement since its inception. This group, a collection of several hundred congressmen, staffers, and policy analysts, plus a smattering of retired and active-duty officers, believes that our armed forces are not simply flawed, but catastrophically unready. Our Navy is more a museum than a fighting force. The Air Force fails to understand that bombing only increases an enemy's morale. The Army has not recovered from the blood-drenched attrition mentality of Ulysses S. Grant. The Marine Corps, after flirting with maneuver warfare, has returned to its first love, frontal assault. Our weapons designs and tactical doctrines are controlled by computer-driven requirements, with the result that we get "garbage in, gospel out." Officer selection is more often controlled by "bureaucrats in uniform, office politicians, and courtiers" than by "tacticians, trainers, and leaders." The nation's defense is, in short, a terrible mess.

To remedy this situation, the authors of *America Can Win* put forward a host of injunctions (not suggestions) that can and will turn things around. Blimps, for example, proved extremely useful in anti-submarine warfare in World War II, so we should bring them back in quantity. The submarine, not the aircraft carrier, is the modern capital ship, so we should triple their numbers and equip them with cheap diesel engines rather than nuclear reactors. Instead of buying more high performance aircraft, we should purchase large numbers of cheap ($5 million—a quarter the price of an F-16) dogfighters. We should, while we are at it, fire half the officer corps.

Where Hadley sees large and messy problems, remediable only by long-term and difficult measures such as the draft, Hart and Lind see a host of soluble difficulties. No one can tax the authors of *America Can Win* for a lack of specificity, but underneath the scores of measures upon which Hart and Lind insist lie basic assertions that go to the heart of what the military reform movement is all about. These assumptions and accompanying modes of analysis undergird both their baleful diagnoses and their collection of nostrums, and hence merit a careful look.

STRATEGY DOES NOT MATTER. Hart and Lind begin by telling us that they will not discuss strategy, primarily because operational, tactical, and technical issues do not take their hue from the strategic context. This view, laid out in their introduction, shapes the rest of the book. Naively or disingenuously, Hart and Lind thereby assume away the first and most important problem in thinking about military matters, namely, figuring out why you are fighting in the first place, and how you intend to win. One can sort out the relative merits of different weapons, tactics, and even organizations only in a strategic context. Thus, when Hart and Lind denounce the Nimitz-class aircraft carrier they fail to weigh its undeniable value for the projection of American power in the Third World. They may well wish to see American forces orient themselves solely to the defense of Central Europe, but then they should make that clear.

Hart and Lind reject as inflexible and fragile NATO's doctrine of Forward Defense, which requires that NATO's land forces make their stand along the inter-German border. They have something of a point, although on this subject as on others reasonable men can differ. But certainly any alternative to Forward Defense must take account of the political imperatives—the strategic calculus, in other words—that gave birth to it. Swiss-style militias, comprehensive fortifications, a more mobile defense, or deep counterattacks into Eastern Europe may singly or together remedy the deficiencies of Forward Defense, but they must make sense politically before we discuss them operationally. It will do little good to come up with a theoretically superior concept of operations that one or more of our major allies will reject out of hand.

Hart and Lind are not students of strategy, but rather devotees of the cult of operational art. *America Can Win*, like the writings of many of the military reformers, speaks reverentially of the most operationally effective and tactically adroit military force of modern times, the German army in the first half of this century, and urges the American military to emulate it. Yet Hart and Lind ignore the strategic blindness and logistical ineptitude that accompanied, and in large measure resulted from, the traits they so much admire. The brilliant German General Staff officers who devised the Schlieffen plan in World War I ensured by their wanton violation of Belgian neutrality that they would bring a powerful and determined coalition to bear against themselves. As recent scholarship (particularly the official history produced by the Bundeswehr's Military History Research Office) has demonstrated, the German generals, and not only Hitler, committed the strategic blunders that doomed the Third Reich. This happened in large part because their infatuation with operational art blotted

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out any interest, let alone competence, in the broader problems of the direction of war. By failing to ask the big questions first, they gained for the Reich a series of spectacular but ephemeral victories that led to ultimate catastrophe.

MANEUVER VERSUS ATTRITION. Hart and Lind believe that the key to operational success lies in adopting doctrines of maneuver, which they favor, in lieu of doctrines of attrition, which they associate with an old and unfortunately not yet discredited tradition handed down by General Ulysses S. Grant. They build this dichotomy (and Manichean thinking pervades the book) on the basis of a few historical examples, including some of the exploits of the Wehrmacht and the Israel Defense Forces, and the Grenada operation. Where attritionists believe in defeating an enemy by grinding him down, they say, advocates of maneuver believe that the key to victory lies in rapid outflanking moves that throw an enemy off balance: it is the difference between all-in wrestling and jiujitsu. Where maneuver warfare is swift, relatively cheap, and clever, attrition is slow, costly, and stupid.

Many of their historical examples break down on close examination. They laud the relatively speedy Marine advance across the eastern half of Grenada, for example, which they attribute to maneuver warfare, while damning the Army's slower operations in the west, but they do not mention the fact that most of the Cuban and Grenadian forces occupied the latter sector. They hail German maneuver warfare in 1940 without acknowledging the loss of nearly a third of German armor in that campaign. They sing the praises of the Israeli Air Force, but they fail to comment on the loss of over a quarter of its strength to both the Six Day War and the Yom Kippur War. They damn Grant for bloody-mindedness, but they neglect to point out that in virtually all of his battles, including those he initiated, Robert E. Lee accepted far higher casualties (an average of 15 percent or more, versus ten percent for Union generals including Grant). Moreover, because of the strategic blinders that they choose to wear they fail to see that Grant had to wage the costly battles of 1864 and 1865 in order to allow a decisive bit of "maneuver"—Sherman's slash into the belly of the Confederacy.

Hart and Lind's innuendoes notwithstanding, nobody disputes the abstract merits of cleverness over stupidity, of outflanking maneuver over frontal assault, of surprise over predictability. The same Grant whose memory they abhor eagerly tried ingenious stratagems and indirect approaches throughout the Civil War (during the Vicksburg campaign, for example). The difficulty is, simply, that whenever two halfway competent and determined opponents come to blows neither can hope to escape hard pounding. In such circumstances, as one military historian, Williamson Murray, has put it, "Attrition is not a strategy but a condition of warfare." The genius of American arms in World War II lay in our ability to adjust to that fact. Where our Japanese opponents, for example, strove desperately for the single, brilliantly orchestrated climactic battle that would settle the war, we worked steadily to build and sustain the men and machines to weaken and ultimately destroy them; where they used submarines to scout for their main battle fleet and thus lead it into the decisive engagement, we used ours to smash their neglected merchant marine; where they kept their best pilots in battle until they died, we rotated ours through our vast training commands; where their underequipped men perished from hunger and malnutrition, ours received munitions, food, and medical care in both quality and quantity—and as a result lived to win.

When two comparable military powers fight, much blood will flow. To think otherwise, as Hart and Lind do, is to indulge in fantasy, and dangerous fantasy. Moreover, as the foregoing discussion suggests, they make their case only through a misleading and tendentious plundering of military history. The military reform group proclaims the utility of a careful study of military history, for which it deserves full credit. Its own use of it, however, suggests the dangers of a search for neat lessons or formulas to solve contemporary problems.

APPROPRIATE TECHNOLOGY. Sensitive to accusations that the military reformers simply favor lower defense budgets, Hart and Lind say that their approach does not foreclose expensive, high-technology weapons. In point of fact, however, all of their proposals would substitute large numbers of cheap (and of course simple, rugged, and effective) weapons for what we have now: smaller numbers of costlier (and of course complicated, fragile, and well-nigh useless) weapons. Diesel submarines instead of nuclear-powered ones; cheap tanks of

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undetermined design as opposed to the M-1 Abrams; $5 million dogfighters instead of $40 million F-15s—these would stock the armories of a Defense Department run by the military reformers.

Again, they have a point. They promptly discredit it, however, by implying that anyone who disagrees with them is either a technology-infatuated gadgeteer or a pawn of General Dynamics. Diesel submarines cost less to run than nuclear-powered ones, but they have neither the range nor the endurance of their counterparts—and in a war with the Soviets we would want submarines that could operate for long periods far from home ports. No country, to my knowledge, has manufactured a modern $5 million fighter—if such a feat were feasible one would expect that someone, somewhere, would have caught on. This last point raises another issue: Hart and Lind, like many of the military reform group, fail to ask whether some problems such as high weapons costs afflict just the United States or all advanced countries, including the Soviet Union.

NORTHERN GOTHIC

"...the lives most of us lead"—Shaw

There's a rat dead in the crotch
of my son's pajamas, composed
as a soviet diplomat. His pelt

has a bittersweet
chocolate sheen, well-fed
on poisoned wheat, not relevant

to the lives most of us lead
in the suburbs of the beaver
pond without beavers, not listening

to the romance language of deer
droppings falling under a luminous
acid rain, walking

through a scattering of shotgun shells,
red and gold littering the field
like poppies, where the general

practitioner nailed his wife
to a post and beam. Turning
up the volume of his personal stereo,

he jogged to the trailer
of a young, upwardly mobile
neighbor who was setting the table

with a plate of irradiated
vegetables and wine, listening
to "All Things Considered" on the
radio,

when the doctor stepped in
and turned off the light.

ROGER WEINGARTEN

WARRIORS VERSUS MANAGERS. Like Hadley, Hart and Lind trace many of the difficulties of the American armed forces back to personnel, but unlike Hadley they dodge some difficult issues. They barely touch on the problems posed by the All-Volunteer Force, nor do they tackle the sensitive issue of the large-scale introduction of women into the armed forces, which raises a host of morale and readiness questions. Rather, they quote the convenient saying that "there is no such thing as bad troops, only bad officers," and tear into the officer corps.

Once again, they make some good points, criticizing frequent rotation of officers and men and certain deficiencies in contemporary American military education. They vitiate their argument, however, by an intemperate and indiscriminate denunciation of the military personnel system. "Our services have become bureaucracies," they write, as if to suggest that large organizations could be anything else. Bureaucrats, by definition, crush initiative and originality, suffocate creativity and dissent, and pursue private or parochial interests at the expense of the larger good. Using such a description, Hart and Lind set up a convenient if easy target. "Warriors"—the antithesis of all bureaucrats—are good, and must be cultivated. "Managers"—their apotheosis—are evil, and must be extirpated.

Hart and Lind do not discuss, and perhaps do not care to find out, why the military manpower system has developed, for good or for ill, the way it has. True, the system of individual replacement of casualties used by the United States Army in World War II and thereafter has proven cruelly destructive of unit cohesion. On the other hand, it was (and is) but the counterpart of the administrative efficiency that kept American ammunition depots filled, American air armadas flying, and American servicemen fed and healthy. A good case can be made that the trade-off was too one-sided, that it would have been worth sacrificing some administrative efficiency for combat effectiveness and unit cohesion. Indeed, Hart and Lind acknowledge that the services have made steps in this direction. But the matter is a complicated and far from obvious one.

The reader of *America Can Win* will sense a common thread running throughout Hart and Lind's book. Military reform fits into a larger picture, and a wider political program. *America Can Win* has a narrow purpose, the fostering of military reform, and a larger one, the provision of some "beef," for the lack of which Walter Mondale so effectively taunted Hart in the last presidential primary. The "beef" includes the following ideas: Technology is not a deus ex machina. Traditional values have an important role to play in modern society. Competition works. More isn't necessarily better. We need a corporate, not a bureaucratic, approach to organization. Leaving aside the vaguely ominous overtones of this last proposition (the last Western leader to take corporatism seriously, after all, was General Franco), Hart and Lind offer us an assortment of trendy banalities and clichés. Hart suffered the last time around for his image of being the yuppie candidate, with all the superficiality that epithet implies; in *America Can Win* he gives no indication that he did not deserve, or does not continue to deserve, that reputation.

The authors, and the principal author above all, unwittingly reveal themselves in the following paragraph from the preface:

> We know well the stories of weaker nations defeated by stronger adversaries. We know less well the many instances of numerically superior forces successfully overcome by theoretically inferior—but more clever—challengers. Joshua was one of the first military commanders to defeat a vastly superior enemy with numerically inferior forces—and a divinely inspired strategy. The strategy was based, as you will recall, not upon a new-technology weapon but upon a trumpet. He surprised the Philistines, frightened them, and caused them to run. But the trumpet was crucial, and it had to be sounded properly. The Bible asks: If the trumpet gives an uncertain sound, who will follow?

The first thing to notice here is that Hart and Lind thoroughly botch the biblical story. Joshua fought the Canaanites, not the Philistines, and almost certainly had the advantage of numbers, leading as he did some 600,000 men of military age, according to the Bible. If, as seems likely, Hart and Lind have given a garbled account of the siege of Jericho, it is worth noting that according to the Bible the trumpets did not frighten the enemy but rather through divine intervention caused the walls of the city to tumble. And when that happened the Israelites

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did not let the enemy "run away," but rather slew all save one of the city's inhabitants.

His mangling of this story makes one wonder about Hart's handling of evidence; he did, after all, have some formal training in religion at the Yale Divinity School. An author who displays such carelessness in discussing things he has studied may well undermine his credibility when he holds forth about things he has not. More interesting and more important than the fact that Hart and Lind cannot get a fairly well-known Bible story straight, however, is the way in which they misremember it. In their version Joshua fights outnumbered, outarmed (with a noisemaker instead of something lethal, in fact), and wins simply by scaring the enemy. Joshua is such a clever fellow, moreover, that he is spared the grimy business of hewing down his bewildered foe. Like the first-year business student who thinks he can say "Kaisha" and thereby cause all of the management problems of a failing American corporation to fall into Japanese-style harmony and efficiency, Hart and Lind, with far less excuse, believe that a few formulas and slogans will produce an America that can win, but will not have to prove it.

The pity is that we need a vigorous and serious debate about defense. A host of issues—the draft, reform of central defense organization, the impact of the computer revolution on military technology, the changing balance of forces in Europe, just to mention a few—deserves the attention of anyone concerned with national security. But Gary Hart and William Lind undermine serious discussion by implying that those who disagree with them are venal dolts, and by making it seem as if the recipes for a strong defense lie before us, unambiguous in form and certain in efficacy.

The difference between *The Straw Giant* and *America Can Win* goes beyond the difference between sobriety and meretriciousness. It is the difference between an author who wants to understand the problems and authors who are convinced they have all the answers. It is the difference between an awareness that most military organizations have good reasons (if not always sound ones) for doing what they do, and the presumption that willful incompetence is the norm. And there is also something, sadly, of the difference between the assumptions with which Arthur Hadley's generation and Gary Hart's came of age in an America at war.

ELIOT A. COHEN

Eliot A. Cohen, the author of *Citizens and Soldiers* (Cornell University Press), is currently working on a book on military disaster. He teaches strategy at the U.S. Naval War College. The views expressed in this article are the author's own, and do not necessarily reflect those of the Naval War College or any other government agency.

THE IRONIES OF NEGOTIATION

Camp David: Peacemaking and Politics by William B. Quandt

(The Brookings Institution, 414 pp., $32.95, $12.95 paper)

From January 1977 until July 1979, William Quandt was a member of the National Security Council staff in the Carter White House. His prime responsibility was the Arab-Israeli conflict. He was thus extremely well-placed to observe at close quarters the attitudes of the president, of the secretary of state, and of the national security adviser toward the Palestinian problem, and their attempt to settle it—an attempt that loomed very large in Carter's foreign policy, at any rate until the shah's downfall and its aftermath displaced it as the dominant preoccupation of the president and his advisers. Quandt's book has much to tell us about the formulation of American policy and the successive changes it underwent as it confronted the realities of the situation. He writes with simplicity and elegance, and the reader of this valuable account learns very soon to appreciate the author's frankness and sobriety, as well as the quality of his retrospective judgments.

The story that emerges from this account abounds in ironies, as is invariably the case when a particular policy and its aspirations are compared with an unforeseen, and sometimes undesired, outcome. When the new administration came into office at the beginning of 1977, the president, his secretary of state, Cyrus Vance, and his national security adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski, all had firm and clear views about the Arab-Israeli conflict and how it ought to be tackled. These views may be gathered from the conclusions of the Brookings report *Toward Peace in the Middle East*, produced in 1975 by a study group that included Brzezinski and Quandt himself. The report was emphatic that a solution to the conflict was vital and urgent, that the only viable solution was a comprehensive one, and that the Soviet Union should be involved in the search for such a solution.

A comprehensive solution meant that absolutely every party to the conflict had to be involved in the negotiation, which would be presided over and facilitated by the two superpowers, and that the chief end of the negotiation was to remedy the grievances of the Palestinians, as these had been ventilated for a decade by the Palestinian Liberation Organization, which claimed to speak on their behalf. This was vital and urgent, finally, because the Palestinian problem was absolutely central to the politics of the Middle East. Failure to find a solution to it could spark active hostilities in which the superpowers would willy-nilly be involved, or else could incite the Arab members of OPEC to cut off supplies of oil or increase its price.

It is known that Carter was acquainted with the Brookings report and agreed with its conclusions. As we learn from Quandt, the president was persuaded that something indeed could be done to deal with the problem. In his mind the position of the Palestinian Arabs was similar to that of blacks in the United States: if the blacks could gain their civil rights, the Palestinians, too, would be able to attain theirs. In his mind, moreover, he equated the Palestinians with the PLO. Vance seems to have held the same view. He had been marked by the Vietnam debacle and was determined that American troops should not be sent to fight overseas—as they might have to do if a Middle Eastern crisis were to lead to wider hostilities.

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Vance's State Department was persuaded, furthermore, that Saudi Arabia would raise the price of oil if no progress were made over Palestine. The officials also believed that there was no likelihood of an Arab state negotiating with Israel on its own. There was thus unanimity in Washington that the road traced by the Brookings report was the only possible road to take. Comprehensiveness was the order of the day. Vance's preference, indeed, was for super-comprehensiveness: not only should all the parties to the conflict take part in a negotiation, but there should be a single, all-embracing Arab delegation (to include the PLO) facing the Israelis.

The administration set to work with a will. On October 1, 1977, a U.S.-Soviet communiqué was published that said that the two powers

> believe that, within the framework of a comprehensive settlement of the Middle East problem, all specific questions of the settlement should be resolved, including such issues as withdrawal of Israeli Armed Forces from territories occupied in the 1967 conflict; the resolution of the Palestinian question, including insuring the legitimate rights of the Palestinian people; termination of the state of war and establishment of normal peaceful relations as the basis of mutual recognition of the principles of sovereignty, territorial integrity, and political independence.

It would be most comforting to believe that the Soviet authorities collaborated on this truly comprehensive document with the same hopeful earnestness, the same eager goodwill, as Jimmy Carter and his advisers.

IT WAS TO be expected that the Israelis would object most vehemently to this communiqué, and to all that it portended; for if they did agree to such a program, they would leave themselves open to the conjugated pressure of the United States, the Soviet Union, and the Arab states. Four days after their communiqué was issued, Carter met Moshe Dayan. As we learn from Quandt, the president said to the foreign minister of Israel at some point in their conversation: "Let's talk politics." Carter, it seems, was in a difficult position because his policies were being attacked by American Jews and by Congress. Dayan took his opportunity and said that if he were obliged to declare that Israel was being compelled to deal with the PLO or a Palestinian state, there would indeed be screaming in the United States and Israel. The upshot of this exchange was that Vance was told to work out a joint communiqué with Dayan that would prevent the screaming but that, by the same token, paid tribute to comprehensiveness. The joint statement declared that

> acceptance of the joint U.S.-U.S.S.R. Statement of October 1, 1977, by the parties is not a prerequisite for the reconvening and conduct of the Geneva Conference [which had served to ratify the agreements putting an end to the 1973 war].

Quandt describes Carter's decision to avoid the attacks on his policy, through the mechanism of a joint statement with Dayan, as an essentially political judgment. The judgment, however, as he himself argues, was faulty. It does not do to make a decision and then back down in anticipation of protests. It is, Quandt rightly says, destructive of presidential authority. It is even less judicious to invite a foreign leader to talk politics, since this legitimizes foreign intervention in the internal affairs of the United States.

But to the great surprise of the administration, it was not only the Israelis who resisted a comprehensive negotiation. Sadat, too, would have none of it. He tried to steer the Americans away from it, by suggesting that the real negotiations should take place outside the framework of a Geneva comprehensive negotiation, and that Geneva should be used only to ratify what had already been privately settled with the Israelis. In August, as Quandt reveals, he offered Vance a draft of a peace treaty that would obviate the necessity of long-drawn-out negotiations at a comprehensive conference, and in September he opened a secret channel to the Israelis without telling Carter about it.

In December 1977, following his visit to Jerusalem, Sadat publicly revealed in an interview published in Cairo his rooted objections to sitting at a conference in which the Syrians and the Soviets would take part. If the Syrians did agree to go to Geneva, he said, the picture would look like this:

> The Soviet Union has the Syrians in its pocket and Syria has the Palestinians in its pocket also. In Geneva, we would busy ourselves with all the things we have had enough of—semantic and legalistic arguments, the modalities, and the names of the topical, geographical, and historical committees. All this in addition to what we know about the nature of the Syrian Baath party. And the result would be that the Geneva Conference would greatly add to our level of disillusionment.

But the Americans did not seem to understand or to appreciate Sadat's real view. It was only after the fiasco of the joint U.S.-Soviet communiqué that Carter began to have an inkling of the actual situation. "The most difficult problem," he told the Saudi foreign minister toward the end of October 1977, "is the lack of consensus among the Arabs." He seemed to think that this was a new and unexpected complication.

Still, the Carter initiative did, through the cunning of history, result in the most spectacular development in the Arab-Israeli conflict: Sadat's public offer in November to go to Jerusalem. His speech came as a great surprise to the administration. It was only a few hours before it was delivered that the American ambassador in Cairo was told that Sadat might make some reference to the possibility of going to Jerusalem. But even when he dropped his bombshell on November 9, the Americans still did not imagine that ten days later he would be in Jerusalem. Quandt writes that af-

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ter the visit Carter "was not entirely pleased with his new role of spectator. One could sense a tinge of jealousy within the administration that Sadat had thought of a dramatic move that cut across the American plans for Geneva."

But the idea of a comprehensive negotiation would still not go away. Toward the end of November Brzezinski sent Carter a memo designed to find ways to reassert American leadership and to impose a wider peace process on top of the movement toward Egyptian-Israeli accommodation. And at a press conference on November 30, Carter expressed the belief that the road to peace that had already led through Jerusalem would ultimately lead to "a comprehensive consultation" at Geneva.

THIS WAS NOT to be. It had, in the end, to come to an Egyptian-Israeli negotiation, and the road from Jerusalem was to lead not to Geneva but to Camp David. Camp David, furthermore, had to end in a bilateral, Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty, because neither the Egyptians nor the Israelis wanted anything else. Even before he came to Camp David in September 1978, Sadat had told Mondale the previous July that he was not interested in self-determination for the Palestinians. He also made rude remarks about Hussein, the Saudis, and Assad. What Sadat wanted was Sinai; and Begin, who was immovable on the West Bank, was willing to return Sinai to Egypt. The peace treaty was thus based on what both the Israelis and the Egyptians wanted.

It took the Americans a long time, however, to reconcile themselves to what Quandt curiously describes as the temptation to aim for the attainable. They wanted to use the Egyptian-Israeli negotiation to put pressure on Begin over the Palestinian issue. Quandt himself wrote a memo for Brzezinski proposing that the Americans should adopt a "strategy of collusion" with Sadat in order to force Begin to concede on the West Bank. Brzezinski and Vance also wanted the president to use Camp David to persuade Begin to give way on this issue. But Carter came to realize that Sadat was not interested in the Palestinian issue, and he was "therefore left in the awkward position of appearing to be more pro-Arab than Sadat, a politically vulnerable position to say the least."

In the end, Carter decided to abandon this position and to work with Begin and not against him. "At this point," remarks Quandt, "Carter probably understood better than the rest of us that Sadat was prepared to yield on the West Bank and that Begin was not." And the president was determined to be seen as the midwife of an Egyptian-Israeli agreement. In spite of later accusations against Begin about Israeli settlements on the West Bank, Carter's attitude at Camp David was, as Quandt wrote in his diary for September 9, 1978, that "if nothing happened in the West Bank for ten years he would not really care very much."

Quandt declares Carter to have been very much the architect of the Camp David Accords. If so, it has to be said that the architect worked closely to his clients' specifications. The one point where the architect could have added his own creative contribution concerned the Saudis. Sadat, we learn, counted on the Americans to deliver Saudi support for Egypt's negotiations with Israel. This, as we know, the Americans failed to do. How they set about to persuade the Saudis, and the reasons for their failure, we do not know in any detail, nor does Quandt have very much to say on the matter. This notwithstanding, his book casts a great deal of light on events leading up to Camp David and on the accords themselves—accords that were generally judged to be a success, but that those American figures who unwittingly paved the way for them should, by rights, consider to be a failure.

ELIE KEDOURIE

Elie Kedourie is professor of politics at the London School of Economics.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

training program like Job Corps with the best elements of state efforts like Massachusetts's ET and Michigan's MOST. We need to find a way to include the fathers as well as the mothers. We need to be fiscally responsible and, above all, we need to hold ourselves accountable for the results.

And the only results that really count are the numbers of individuals that can leave welfare for a permanent job that pays a decent wage so they can support themselves and their children. We know what works. Let's do it.

SANDER M. LEVIN
U.S. House of Representatives

ECONOMIC ODYSSEY

To the editors:

Michael Barker has created a hero of epic proportions in his review of Robert Eisner's tome, *How Real Is the Federal Deficit?* ("The Red and the Black," July 14 & 21).

At first I didn't recognize his main character, Ronald Reagan, bequeathing to his successor "a reasonably solvent federal government," given the fact that he has amassed more debt than all previous presidents combined. But that was before I saw the script. A trillion here, a trillion there; it's not real.

I liked the part where the business cycle disappears through 1991, and when the trillion dollar Reagan jump into debt hyperspace is revealed to be a prop; then when no economic shocks were forecast for the next five years I could hardly stand the excitement. (Especially since much of the plot's rosy scenario is based on the oil price dive, not part of the script even one year ago.)

I can't wait for the movie.

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NEW YORK DIARIST

The Long Green

IF THE VOTERS of New York are as intelligent and discerning as I think they are, this will soon become the only state in the union with a full complement of elected officials who know how to write their own stuff. New York already has two such exotic specimens, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, author or co-author of 13 books, and Governor Mario Cuomo, diarist of note. Come next January, I hope—I go further: I predict—Moynihan will be joined in the Senate by a fellow scribbler, Mark Green.

NATURALLY this should be welcomed by people who read. Mark Green's dozen books range from analytical investigative reporting to what might be called Bonzo journalism. The most recent example of the former is *The Challenge of Hidden Profits: Reducing Corporate Bureaucracy and Waste* (1985), written with John F. Berry; of the latter, *There He Goes Again: Ronald Reagan's Reign of Error* (1984), edited with Gail MacColl, an appallingly funny compilation of presidential howlers and tall tales, most of them beginning with "Well. . . ." Readers of this magazine will recall Green's pioneering cover story on the corrupting influence of political action committees ("Political Pac-Man," December 13, 1982) and his report on inflated executive salaries ("Richer Than All Their Tribe," January 6 & 13, 1982). Green's writing style, while perhaps lacking the high Anglicized polish of his future Senate colleague's, is clear, sturdy, and solid. And the man has other virtues.

GREEN IS THE FIRST and still the only candidate for anything ever to have had a fund-raising letter written for him by Ralph Nader, who normally needs electoral politics like a ride in a Corvair. But Green, now 41, was a Nader Raider for ten years. He ended up running Nader's lobbying outfit, Congress Watch, which helped push through consumerist and environmental reforms such as airline deregulation and Superfund. He already knows his way around the Hill, in other words. He's a lawyer, but that shouldn't be held against him because he files only worthy lawsuits (e.g., *Green v. Commerce Department*, which forced the government to disclose the names of the 1,400 American companies cooperating with the Arab boycott of Israel). He's a speechwriter (he "worked on," as we say in the trade, Gary Hart's speech to the '84 Democratic Convention), which is not a bad thing for a candidate to be if you think it makes sense to elect Edgar Bergen instead of Charlie McCarthy once in a while. For the last several years he has been running his own New York-based think tank, the Democracy Project. Among other things, it has just published the *Ideas Index*, a compilation of state and local policy proposals that have been tried and found to work. He has also been debating various right-wingers on TV shows such as "Firing Line" and "Crossfire." I know of no one who doubts that he would make a superior senator.

THIS, HOWEVER, is not the scenario envisioned by that cauliflower-eared sparring partner of columnists everywhere, the conventional wisdom. According to the c.w., Mark Green won't be a senator of any kind. Instead, he will lose the September 9 Democratic primary to his opponent, John S. Dyson. It doesn't really matter who wins the primary anyhow, because the Republican incumbent, Alfonse D'Amato, is unbeatable. This scenario is all wrong. Right now Dyson is the favorite for the nomination—partly because he won the endorsement of the state party committee in June, and partly because his candidacy has been pushed by Cuomo's staff (Cuomo himself is officially if unconvincingly neutral), but mostly because he has money, lots of it. His father is one of *Forbes* magazine's 400 richest Americans. His campaign consists almost entirely of television commercials. Green has no money for television. The fund-raising patterns of the two candidates illustrate some of Green's strengths and Dyson's weaknesses. All but $16,000 of the $2.5 million Dyson has amassed comes from a single donor, himself—and the rest is mostly from relatives and retainers. Green has raised only $450,000 so far, but all of it comes from small contributors, thousands of them. (When Dyson jibed that Green couldn't raise a dime, Green immediately renamed his fund-raising effort the "Mark of Dimes.")

DYSON IS a perfectly decent guy, with a respectable record of economic boosterism in various state appointive offices. But his politics are woolly and "centrist." Certain of his more ill-advised moves, such as co-chairing a fund-raising dinner of the New York State Conservative Party, have lent credence to Green's claim to be the "real Democrat," a potent primary theme here. Green has actual volunteers, deep roots in the Democratic constituencies, the support of half the state's Democratic members of Congress, and his own remarkable energy. As primary day approaches, he will likely dominate the "free media," at least partly offsetting Dyson's monopoly of the paid.

IN THE GENERAL election, Dyson would be easy pickings for the ferrety D'Amato, who would outbooster him and picture him as a rich, elitist dilettante. Green, coming out of the primary at high velocity, will be a tougher nut. Green's economic populism is more than a match for D'Amato's social populism. And D'Amato is exactly the politician Green has spent his life preparing to run against: a sleazy, unprincipled, reflexive right-winger with pockets full of PAC and special-interest cash and head empty of ideas. (For details, see "The Soul of a New Machine Politician" by Murray Waas, TNR, March 10.) Like Dyson, D'Amato will have a huge cash advantage: he already has $3.2 million on hand, a million dollars more than any other senatorial candidate in the country. But Green will have a few advantages of his own: the Democrats' registration edge, the fact that their ticket will be headed by the popular Cuomo, and the fact that no conservative Republican has ever won a two-way Senate race in New York. Anyway, the years with Nader taught Green how to get along without the big money. D'Amato is way ahead in the polls right now, but New Yorkers have no pride in him. It is absurd that Alfonse D'Amato is a senator from New York. Eventually, this must tell.

H.H.

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...great revolutions..." *"We know lots of revolutions, great revolutions, and magnificent people, who after taking over power, produced systems that were much worse than the ones they destroyed. We don't want to make this mistake. We will not."*

--Polish Solidarity leader Lech Walesa in a "Morning Edition" interview in Gdansk, Poland, with National Public Radio's European correspondent Neal Conan.

"I never share blame, I never share credit, and I never share desserts. It's just not my style."

--Beverly Sills, New York City Opera general director, in an interview on National Public Radio's "Morning Edition."

"Drunk they (the Russians) defeated Napoleon. Drunk they beat Hitler. Drunk they could win against NATO."

--Edward Luttwak, defense analyst and author of "The Pentagon and the Art of War," talking with National Public Radio's "Morning Edition" host Bob Edwards about Soviet military strength.

"We are so different, and yet, we are all one." *"I've never seen so many women, of so many different ages, colors, sizes and shapes, and I think it's amazing. We are so different, and yet, we are all one."*

--A delegate to the United Nations' World Conference on Women, talking with National Public Radio's "All Things Considered" co-host Susan Stamberg in Nairobi, Kenya.

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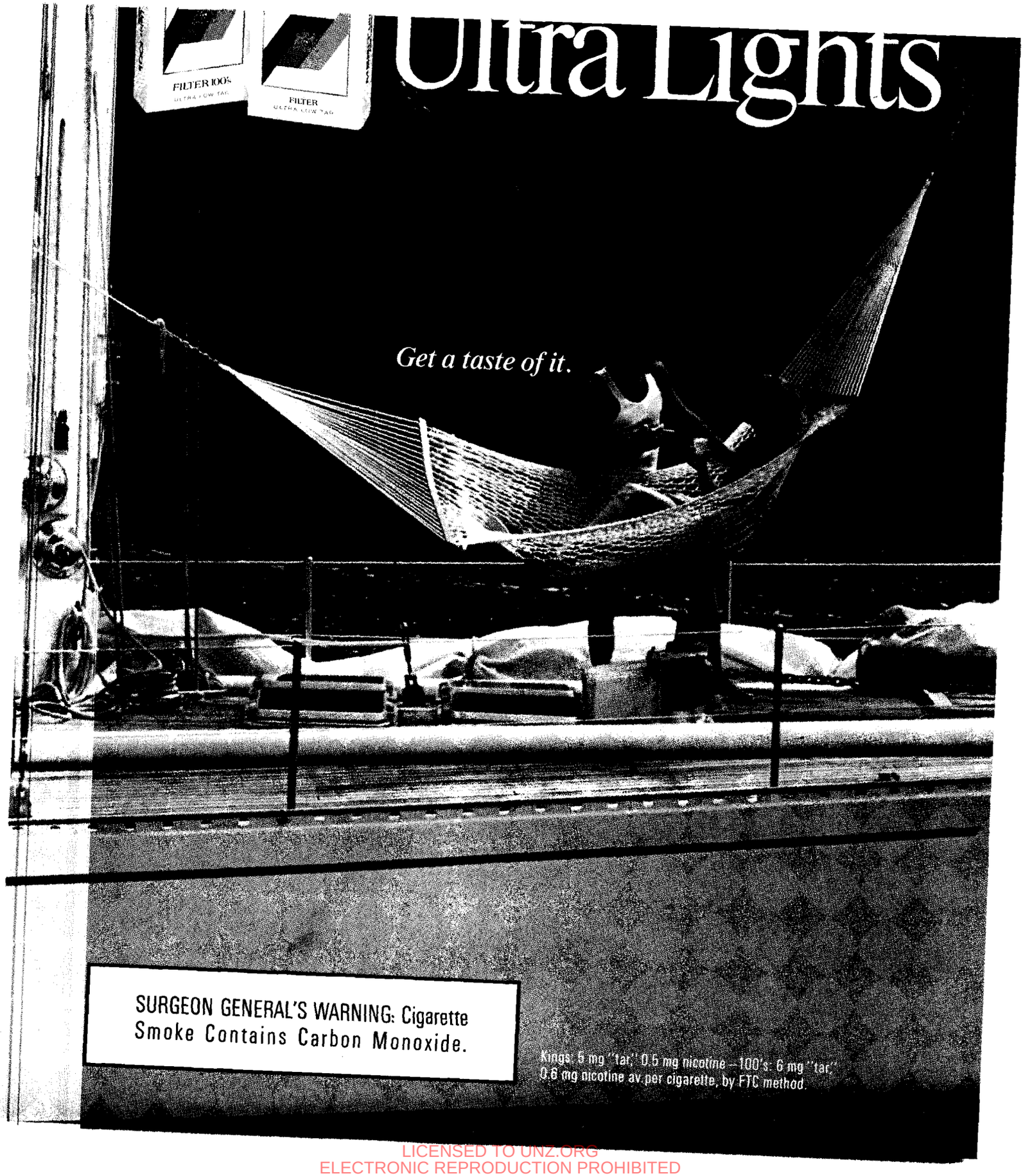
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